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# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

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# THE PSYCHOANALYTIC REVIEW

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UNDERSTANDING OF HUMAN CONDUCT

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## ORIGINAL ARTICLES

### A PSYCHOANALYSIS OF BROWNING'S "PAULINE"

BY WALTER SAMUEL SWISHER, B.D.

The earliest published poem by Robert Browning is "Pauline, a Fragment of a Confession," which purports to be the confession of a faithless lover to his beloved that he has committed certain sins obscurely hinted at in the poem, and is therefore no longer worthy of her love. The poem is in reality not the "fragment of a confession" of a lover, but the most open revelation of the psychic life of a young man who has just passed through the adolescent period and is emerging into manhood. William Sharp, in his *Life of Browning*, with his accustomed acuity, states that "Pauline has a unique significance because of its autopsychical hints."<sup>1</sup> Stedman, in his "Victorian Poets," states that Browning is above all a subjective poet, "While Browning's earlier poems are in the dramatic form, his own personality is manifest in the speech and movement of every character of each piece. His spirit is infused, as if by metempsychosis, within them all, and forces each to assume a strange Pentecostal tone, which we discover to be that of the poet himself."

If this be true of his dramatic poems, how much more true is it of *Pauline*, which is made up entirely of the stuff of the poet's phantasy!

If we set out to analyze the material of this remarkable poem, we must proceed according to the correct analytical method, which is also the best method of non-analytical literary criticism: we must first gather the "external evidence," which corresponds to the "conscious material" of a psychonalysis.

<sup>1</sup> "The poem is in some of its passages . . . almost without disguise autobiographic." (Hugh Walker: *Greater Victorian Poets*.)

Browning was a precocious child, fond of music and folk-tales. He wept when he heard his mother playing plaintive music in the twilight. In appearance, he showed so much evidence of the Creole strain in his blood, derived from his paternal grandmother, that when he visited St. Kitts in the West Indies in his extreme youth, he was taken for a negro. If he was sensitive to the comments on his dark complexion, there is sufficient basis for a neurosis in this fact due to a feeling of inferiority. If we accept Adler's theory of organ-inferiority and fictional guiding-lines, we can the more readily comprehend the content of "Pauline," which we shall later examine.

Since we know that the adolescent years are the years of hero-worship, and consider it likely that Browning suffered in his early years from the shadow of a neurosis, we may conclude that the young poet would tend to seek a hero whom he might worship and upon whom, in the characteristic youthful way, he might project himself. His earliest unpublished efforts were imitations of Byron, a neurotic who, as Matthew Arnold says, "dragged the pageant of his broken heart across half Europe." We know the basis of Byron's Don Juanism: a club-foot and a cruel mother. For the one he compensated by learning to swim, until, like Leander, he could swim the Hellespont; for the other, by seeking his feminine ideal throughout his life and never finding her. But this projection upon Byron early gave way to a nobler ideal, that of the poet Shelley. Since a great part of the poem "Pauline" is taken up with a passionate eulogism of Shelley we may pause here to note in what manner Browning discovered the earlier poet.

Until his fourteenth year (by which time Shelley was already dead), incredible though it may seem, Browning had never heard the name of Shelley. Passing a book-stall one day, he saw among the second-hand books, a small volume labelled, "Mr. Shelley's Atheistical Poems, very scarce." It was a miserably printed, pirated edition of the poet, but it inducted the boy into a new and entrancing world. His mother was sent out in search of the complete poems of Shelley, which she finally discovered together with the works of Keats, and brought home. From that time on to his twentieth year, Browning was the slave of Shelley. In the manner of the hero-worshipping boy, he projected himself upon Shelley; he professed himself an atheist, following the author of "Queen Mab," and even essayed vegetarianism, a practice which he soon abandoned because of its evil effects upon his eyesight. We know how strong such an attachment can be in the case of a growing youth; the term "homo-



erotic" is not too strong to apply to it. From this familiar phenomenon have arisen the various "comrade myths"—those of Castor and Pollux, Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, Æneas and his "fidus Achates." We know from the material of the poem that Browning projected himself upon various heroes of mythology, but most of all upon Shelley.

From this point of view, it is significant that Browning published the poem anonymously, signing it "V. A. 20," which may well stand for "vixi annos viginti" (I was twenty years old). It was, the poet tells us, part of a vast scheme, "involving the assumption of several characters; the world was never to guess that such an opera, such a comedy, such a speech proceeded from the same notable person. Mr. V. A. was Poet of the party, and predestined to cut no inconsiderable figure." This, we may conclude, was a rationalization; Browning, suffering from repression, anxious to free his libido from parental fetters, desired to abreact his painful emotions in a frank confession. He could scarcely do this over his own signature; he therefore chose a pseudonym.

The poem was duly published—its publication financed by his aunt—made no great stir and fell into obscurity. Some years later, Dante Gabriel Rossetti came upon a copy of it in the British Museum bound up with a number of miscellaneous poems. He conjectured from the craftsmanship that the poem was Browning's. Browning reluctantly acknowledged its authorship, and it was thereafter printed with his collected poems. He prefaced the poem in the first collected edition in which it appeared with the words, "The first piece in the series, I acknowledge with extreme repugnance," and went on to say that the extravagance of the scheme of which it was a part repelled him: a pure rationalization, we may conclude.

With this preliminary explanation, which involves the "external evidence," or conscious material, let us turn to the "internal evidence," the unconscious material, and examine it and endeavor to analyze it as we would a dream or series of dreams, for that is just what this extremely subjective poem is.

We may first turn to the Shelley material, in which the rest of the poem centers and which furnishes the poem's "raison d'être." We have seen how completely Browning projected himself upon the older poet and we may now prove that, so far from being Browning's confession that he loves a woman, the poem is a confession that he never loved a woman but loves a man: the poet Shelley. Beginning with line 211, he says:

There is one spark of love remaining yet,  
 For I have naught in common with him [Shelley], shapes  
 Which followed him avoid me, and foul forms  
 Seek me which ne'er could fasten on his mind;  
 And though I feel how low I am to him,  
 Yet I aim not even to catch a tone  
 Of harmonies he called profusely up;  
 So, one gleam still remains, although the last.

Again, in line 556 following, he says:

. . . naught makes me trust some love is true,  
 But the delight of the contented lowness  
 With which I gaze on him I keep forever  
 Above me, . . .<sup>2</sup>

He ends the poem (line 1020 following):

Sun-treader, I believe in God and truth  
 And love; and as one just escaped from death  
 Would bind himself in bands of friends to feel  
 He lives indeed, so, I would lean on thee!<sup>3</sup>  
 Thou must be ever with me, most in gloom  
 If such must come, but chiefly when I die,  
 For I seem, dying, as one going in the dark  
 To fight a giant:<sup>4</sup> but live thou forever,  
 And be to all what thou hast been to me!  
 All in whom this wakes pleasant thoughts of me  
 Know my last state is happy, free from doubt  
 Or touch of fear. Love me and wish me well.

<sup>2</sup> Note how these lines exemplify Adler's scheme; above—below; masculine—feminine. After these lines we shall not be surprised to find a real homo-erotic dream related in the poem.

<sup>3</sup> The neurotic must have a crutch, a "fictional end motive," or goal, which is beyond attainment and toward which he works by circuitous routes. It is obvious that the youthful Browning, feeling his inferiority, since he had not arrived at full maturity, sets his ideal of Shelley as the fictitious goal. He cannot hope to emulate Shelley (consciousness of inferiority), but he will strive to do so, though always "from below upward." In what manner Browning attained a different goal, gave up his neurosis, and realized his own ideal, appears in "Paracelsus."

<sup>4</sup> The giant is the libido, chained to the parents. We shall find that he appears again in one of the two dreams related in the poem, and shall then establish his identity. We might compare this with giant myths. "The giant" in myths is always a parent image, since adults appear as giants to small children. Note the many giant folk-tales in which the mother (the regressive libido) sends the hero out on his adventures; the hero kills the giant, that is, frees himself from fixation on the mother, sets the princess at liberty, and marries her, thus fixing his libido on reality, that is, on the loved one outside the family circle.

It is significant that in the three passages where Browning apostrophizes Shelley, the word *love* is used in conjunction with the poet. In all literature I know of nothing that parallels this passionate expression of love for a friend of the same sex save in Whitman's "Calamus," and the Sonnets of Shakspeare. It is nothing more or less than a highly-idealized homo-erotism. No wonder Browning confesses that his love for Pauline is not so warm as it should be! He is possessed by another love. Pauline is but a pale wraith evoked by a youth who has not quite passed the hero-worshipping stage. We shall see later how he emerged from this stage. Of course, he never completely lost his admiration for Shelley. In his brief poem Memorabilia, beginning, "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain, and did he stop and speak to you?" he expresses profound astonishment that one could meet Shelley and not be elevated to a higher plane of being. To have met Shelley would be like possessing an eagle's feather which one had picked up on a moor. It would suggest the strength, the sustained flight of the eagle, the "sun-treader."

We have sufficiently proved Browning's projection upon Shelley. This was the culminating point of his youth. Previously there had been the period of auto-erotism—so closely allied to homo-erotism—and the projection upon mythical heroes. Inasmuch as this projection upon the heroes of mythology shows evident traces of a father-complex, let us postpone a discussion of it until we have noted the intense auto-erotism, the self-love, of childhood which Browning displays in the poem. In lines 268-280 he says:

I am made up of an intensest life,  
Of a most clear idea of consciousness  
Of self, distinct from all its qualities,  
From all affections, passions, feelings, powers;<sup>5</sup>  
And thus far it exists, if tracked, in all:  
But linked, in me, to self-supremacy,<sup>6</sup>  
Existing as a centre to all things,  
Most potent to create and rule and call  
Upon all things to minister to it;  
Which would be all, have, see, know, taste, feel all—  
This is myself; and I should thus have been  
Though gifted, lower than the meanest soul.

<sup>5</sup> We may compare this self-apotheosis to the complete introversion of the Buddhist who attains Nirvana: desirelessness, by shutting out reality, also to the introversion of certain pathological states symptomatic of the neuroses.

<sup>6</sup> In this and the succeeding lines here quoted, we have an example of the "Wille zur Macht" (will to power) of the child and the neurotic who retains his infantile fixations. It is the struggle "from below upward," the indication of the fictitious goal.

The lines at once bring to mind Whitman's "Song of Myself," beginning, "I celebrate myself and sing myself." In contrast with Whitman, Browning deplores this egocentric emotion and shows in his later poems that he emerged safely from the auto-erotic period, whereas Whitman eulogized the feeling and held to his infantile fixations. That this introversion caused Browning intense unhappiness, we deduce from line 89 following:

Oh Pauline, I am ruined who believed  
That though my soul had floated from its sphere  
Of wild dominion into the dim orb  
Of self—that it was strong and free as ever!  
It has conformed itself to that dim orb,  
Reflecting all its shades and shapes, and now  
Must stay where it alone can be adored.

That the marked auto-erotism is the result of a fixation, we may conclude from the imagery of this innocent-appearing poem, which is full of phallic symbolism. In at least four descriptions of landscapes, Browning mentions towers. If he were describing real landscapes, we should attach no significance to this; but this poem is wrought of subjective psychic material, it is "of imagination all compact," we must therefore seek unconscious motives back of the imagery. We have (lines 179-181):

And then should find it but the fountain-head,  
Long-lost, of some great river washing towns  
And *towers*. . . .

(lines 478-480):

. . . And I was borne away,  
As Arab birds float sleeping on the wind,  
O'er deserts, *towers* and forests, I being calm.<sup>7</sup>

(line 452):

Strange *towers* and high-walled gardens thick with trees.

(lines 613-614):<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> In succeeding lines, he fancies that he is a king in some Oriental land, and a band of followers falls down and worships him! It is the typical dream of youth, demonstrated in play ("Now I'm the king and you are my subjects") and folk-tale; again the "Wille zur Macht."

<sup>8</sup> He prefaces these lines by the statement that it is in dreams he sees these landscapes. In the poem we are embarrassed by the very richness of the material. The italics upon this page are my own.

No end to the far hills and dales bestrayed  
With shining *towers* and towns, *till I grow mad*.

The tower is one of the most obvious of phallic symbols, typically, though not invariably, a masculine symbol. This is proven over and over in analyses of dreams. A woman suffering from violent repression dreams frequently of "landscapes studded with towers, without openings," *i.e.*, masculine figures. She finds herself upon a high tower of a purple-pink color, which reaches to the sky! Analysis reveals the masculine figure lurking behind the symbol. So far as I know, all analysts agree with this interpretation. We find it frequently in literature. Of the little sister in the Song of Solomon, it is said, "If she be a wall, we will build upon her a turret of silver" (Song 8: 9). In the Psalms the Deity is a "tower of strength," a towering rock in a thirsty land, a stronghold. It becomes evident why our poet so frequently studs his landscapes with towers. They stand for the object of his youthful love. We shall presently see the figure back of the towers.

We note that birds and phantasies of flying frequently occur in the poem. Allusions to them are found in passages adjacent to those which mention towers. The Germans have a vulgar term for coitus (*vögeln*), derived from *Vogel*, bird. Any poet might people his landscapes with birds and towers, but Browning definitely states that this is dream imagery and that it drives him mad. Why the affect, if these are harmless objects in the landscape? Behind the obvious expression lurks the unconscious motive and these images occur too frequently to be the result of chance. I have searched in vain for "towers" in his later poems.

We are now ready to consider the mythological allusions in the poem, Browning's projection upon mythological heroes, and determine what figure inspires them all. Browning was early introduced to the heroes of mythology by his father, who was well versed in such lore. "He [the father]," says William Sharp in his *Life of Browning*, "was fond of taking the little Robert in his arms and walking to and fro with him in the dusk in 'the library,' soothing the child to sleep by singing to him snatches of Anacreon in the original to a favorite old tune of his, 'A Cottage in a Wood.' . . . One of his own [Robert's] recollections was that of sitting on his father's knees in the library, and listening with enthralled attention to the Tale of Troy, with marvellous illustrations among the glowing coals in the fireplace; with, below all, the vaguely heard accompaniment—from the neighboring room, where Mrs. Browning sat

'in her chief happiness, her hour of darkness and solitude and music'—of a wild Gaelic lament, with its insistent falling cadences."

Browning got his first knowledge of the heroes of Greek fable from his erudite father. Without having considered these allusions in the poem, we begin to suspect who the person is back of the mythological imagery. Browning expresses in lines 318-325 his identification with, or projection upon, the hero, so characteristic of youth:

They came to me in my first dawn of life  
Which passed alone with wisest ancient books  
All halo-girt with fancies of my own;  
*And I myself went with the tale*—a god  
Wandering after beauty, or a giant<sup>9</sup>  
Standing vast in the sunset—an old hunter  
Talking with gods, or a high-crested chief  
Sailing with troops of friends to Tenedos.

The allusions are here so obscure that we cannot make much of them except that Browning himself was the hero of the myths. Let us examine a passage which is more explicit. In this passage the death-wish appears prominently. In the mind of man, the conception of death is always near to that of life and love. It arises from the general ambivalence of our mental processes. Thus we have a fine poem of Mörike, quoted by Pfister and Jung, "A Maiden's First Love Song," which narrates how a serpent bites the young girl and stings her to a "delicious death." Death is ever near to love, so is the familiar "rebirth phantasy," which pervades religious and poetic writings. We may detect both the death-wish and the rebirth-wish in the following lines (331-334):

The deep groves and white temples and wet caves:  
And nothing ever will surprise me now—  
Who stood beside the naked Swift-footed,  
Who bound my forehead with Proserpine's hair.

The "Swift-footed" is obviously Hermes, in his capacity of conductor of souls through the underworld. His chief attribute is the caduceus, or winged staff entwined with two serpents. As this phallic symbol shows, he is the god of lovers. In the Hermes cult, which had its birth in Egypt, he is a sun-god, and the rites of this cult symbolized the journey of the sun to the west, its "night journey through the sea," or underworld and emergence in the morning.

\* We have already noted who the "giant" is in dreams, one of the parents, in this case we surmise the father.



Hence the "winged staff," which bears a striking resemblance to the winged sun or phallus surmounted by two serpents of Egyptian mythology. Proserpine was queen of the underworld. Pluto had snatched her from her mother, Ceres, goddess of fruitfulness. Proserpine was allowed to emerge from the underworld in a spring resurrection, like Hermes in the Egyptian cult. These gods are therefore symbols of fructifying as well as of death. They symbolize the rebirth phantasy. Browning must have been cognizant of their symbolism, and their appearance in the poem rhymes with the poet's expressed wish for rebirth.

We have in the following lines another example of the death-wish, also a veiled expression of desire to be free from the disturbing complex that prevents self-realization (lines 567-571).

. . . that king  
Treading the purple calmly to his death,  
While round him, like the clouds of eve, all dusk,  
The giant shades of fate, silently flitting,  
Pile the dim outline of the coming doom.

Which he follows with a description of

. . . the boy  
With his white breast and brow and clustering curls  
Streaked with his mother's blood. . .

The reference is to Agamemnon (compare the Agamemnon of Æschylus, where the king says, "I go treading on purples to my house"), King of Mycenæ and Argos, who is murdered, as Cassandra has predicted, by his wife Clytemnestra.<sup>10</sup> The boy referred to is Orestes, who avenged the death of his father, Agamemnon, by killing his mother, Clytemnestra. It is the eternal theme of death dealt by a loved one. There can be little doubt that Browning sees himself as Orestes. If, in his Unconscious, he assume the Orestes rôle, it can mean only that he has unconscious matricidal desires. The myth is an inversion of the Ædipus myth; in this inverted form it has an interest for Browning. The Clytemnestra might correspond to Jung's "terrible mother," the mother-imago which holds the libido and from which the individual wills to free himself and attain independence.

By far the most striking of the references to Greek myth in this poem is that to Andromeda. Let us note the passage carefully (lines 655-675):

<sup>10</sup> In 1877, forty-four years after he had written *Pauline*, he translated the Agamemnon of Æschylus into English.

But I must never grieve whom wing can waft  
 Far from such thoughts—as now. Andromeda!  
 And she is with me: years roll, I shall change,  
 But change can touch her not—so beautiful  
 With her fixed eyes, earnest and still, and hair  
 Lifted and spread by the salt-sweeping breeze  
 And one red beam, all the storm leaves in heaven  
 Resting upon her eyes and hair, such hair,  
 As she awaits the snake on the wet bench  
 By the dark rock and the white wave just breaking  
 At her feet; quite naked and alone; a thing  
 I doubt not, nor fear for, secure some god  
 To save will come in thunder from the stars.

As the story goes, Andromeda was chained to a rock on the sea-coast as propitiation for a sea-monster who was devastating the land. Her mother, Cassiopeia, boasted that her beauty outvied the beauty of the sea-nymphs; to avenge this affront, they sent the sea-monster (which Browning terms a "snake"). An oracle declared that Cepheus must offer up his daughter, Andromeda, as a sacrifice, but she was saved by the hero Perseus,<sup>11</sup> who flew thither on the winged sandals of Hermes and rescued Andromeda, whom he afterward wedded. In the first two lines above quoted, Browning gives us the clue to the identity of Perseus; it is Browning. There is the flying symbolism first of all, a symbol of coitus according to Freud, of vaulting ambition according to others. Both may appear here, the hero flies to possess the maiden. The "snake" is undoubtedly the regressive libido; the hero destroys it, as in so many myths, and possesses the "treasure," the maiden, who stands for the libido freed from infantile fixation. Browning really desires an Andromeda; to possess the love of woman in real life; it is one aspect of his "fictional goal." But he cannot yet fully love, for he is not yet freed from childish fixations. The symbolism of rebirth also clearly appears here. Browning would remain youthful, but the

<sup>11</sup> Perseus is one of the many "light-heroes" or "bringers of the dawn," whom Hermes accompanies or assists. According to one Greek myth, the monster of the tale is the "darkness" slain by the light-bringer, Perseus, which stamps the legend as a sun-myth. Hence, the easy transition to Apollo, the "sun-treader." We may note also, that in the Homeric Hymn to Mercury, the infant Hermes steals the cattle of Apollo (symbols of the light or dawn), that he creates a lyre out of a tortoise-shell and sings to its accompaniment. He thus assumes the rôle of Apollo. It is noteworthy that he returns the stolen cattle and gives the lyre to Apollo. It seems likely that in their most primitive form, these sun-myths dealt with the same light-bringing hero.

only means of attaining eternal youth is through rebirth. There are all the accessories for the birth of the hero in the above lines: wind, rock, water, and the phallic snake. We gather from internal evidence that the theme was tremendously significant for Browning.

Let us supplement this with external evidence. Says Sharp (*Life of Browning*), "Among all his father's collection of drawings and engravings, nothing had such fascination for him as an engraving of a picture of Andromeda and Perseus by Caravaggio. The story of the innocent victim and the divine deliverer was one of which in his boyhood he never tired of hearing: and as he grew older, the charm of its pictorial presentment had for him a deeper and more complex significance." It is said that this picture was ever before him as he wrote. The passage can only mean that Browning is preparing himself for the rôle of Perseus! Fourteen years later, in 1846, he played Perseus to Elizabeth Barrett's Andromeda! It was she who was "sacrificed by a cruel father" (her father never forgave the clandestine marriage), and it was Browning, winged with poetry and love, who set her free. It thus appears, that as early as 1832, he was looking for an Andromeda in real life.

From the foregoing details of the poet's early life, the masculine phallic imagery of the poem, the fact that Browning's father was the tender, sympathetic one of the two parents, and that he learned the myths contained in the poem at his father's knee, we should be inclined to think that Browning had projected himself upon the father. When Sharp tells us that "The son was wont to affirm in all seriousness, that expressionally his father was a finer poetic artist than himself," we are strengthened in the surmise.

With the material which we have thus far examined in mind, let us essay analysis of two significant dreams, related by the poet in an early part of the poem. We must, of course, accept the symbols of these dreams as typical, since we lack the subjective material for the personal analysis we should like. Nevertheless, we have already obtained a fairly good background for the dreams. Let me quote the passage in full (lines 89-123):

Oh Pauline, I am ruined who believed  
That though my soul had floated from its sphere  
Of wild dominion into the dim orb  
Of self—that it was strong and free as ever!  
It has conformed itself to that dim orb,  
Reflecting all its shades and shapes, and now  
Must stay where it alone can be adored.  
I have felt this in dreams—in dreams in which

I seemed the fate from which I fled,<sup>12</sup> I felt  
 A strange delight in causing my decay.  
 I was a fiend in darkness chained forever  
 Within some ocean cave; and ages rolled,  
 Till through the cleft rock, like a moonbeam, came  
 A white swan to remain with me; and ages  
 Rolled, yet I tired not of my first free joy  
 In gazing on the peace of its pure wings:  
 And then I said, "It is most fair to me,  
 Yet its soft wings must sure have suffered change  
 From the thick darkness, sure its eyes are dim,  
 Its silver pinions must be cramped and numbed  
 With sleeping ages here; it cannot leave me,  
 For it would seem, in light beside its kind,  
 Withered, tho' here to me most beautiful."

And then I was a young witch whose blue eyes,  
 As she stood naked by the river springs,  
 Drew down a god: I watched his radiant form  
 Growing less radiant, and it gladdened me;  
 Till one morn, as he sat in the sunshine  
 Upon my knees, singing to me of heaven,  
 He turned to look at me, ere I could lose  
 The grin with which I viewed his perishing:  
 And he shrieked and departed, but sunk at last  
 Murmuring, as I kissed his lips and curled  
 Around him, "I am still a god to thee."<sup>13</sup>

I surmise from certain characteristic images and symbols that these are not mere waking phantasies of the poet's mind but real dreams. They may have been dreamed the same night, for there seems to be the same latent content in both. The first appears to be a rather typical rebirth phantasy, based on a memory of birth. We know from many typical dreams of this sort that they begin with the subject's finding himself in a dark tunnel, a cave, or other subterranean place. There is distinct reference to water: it is an

<sup>12</sup> Jung (*Psychology of the Unconscious*, p. 328 f.) states that the artist's anguish "is not torment that comes from without . . . but he himself is the hunter, murderer, sacrificer, and sacrificial knife," and quotes a poem of Nietzsche's wherein the poet laments that he, the hunter, has become the hunted and has crept into himself. Emerson's *Brahma* in which he says, "I am the slayer and the slain," expresses the same idea.

<sup>13</sup> Jung (*ibid.*, p. 417): "The hero, who is to accomplish the rejuvenation of the world and the conquest of death, is the libido, which, brooding upon itself in introversion, coiling as a snake around its own egg, apparently threatens life with a poisonous bite, in order to lead it to death, and from that darkness, conquering itself, gives birth to itself again."

"ocean cave." This, we know from analysis of many typical birth dreams, refers to the "amniotic liquor." In old chronicles we have frequent reference to "the waters," *i.e.*, the amniotic liquor. Primitive cosmologies, which deal with God "brooding over the waters," the "primal abyss," and the like, are amplifications of the history of individual birth, projections of individual experience upon the Cosmos. Browning says it was a "cleft rock" where he lay, a feminine symbol, doubtless a mother symbol.<sup>14</sup>

What of the entering swan? Why did the creature that entered the "cleft rock" take that particular form? We have already noted the frequency with which Browning refers to birds and flying in the poem, and have observed that the flying dream is a symbol of coitus (according to Freud), and to vaulting ambition (compare the tale of Icarus). The bird is a swan. There is a great body of myth attaching to the swan. The swan is fabled to be voiceless until the moment of its death, when it floats down the tide or down from skies, singing beautifully. In Elizabethan literature the singer or poet is referred to as the "sweet swan." "From the fabulous tradition of Swans singing most sweetly before their death, the poets have assumed to themselves the title of swans" (Timbs: *Curiosities of History*). Burns was the "Swan of Ayr." In myth and folk-tale, the swan is a masculine symbol (typically). Jupiter comes to Leda in the form of a swan; she gives birth to two eggs from which come Castor and Pollux. In the Lohengrin myth, the knight comes to the aid of Elsa in a boat drawn by a swan. At the end of the drama, when Elsa has foresworn herself by demanding Lohengrin's name, the swan boat again appears, but Lohengrin pronounces certain cabalistic words, the magic spell is broken, and the swan is transformed into Elsa's long-lost brother. In the Danish folk-tale, the brothers of the princess are transformed by the witch (the "stepmother," the "terrible mother" of Jung) into swans. The princess pricks a hole in a piece of paper and looks at the sun,

<sup>14</sup> The "chained giant" doubtless refers to the Prometheus myth, especially in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." Prometheus is bound on a rock because he has brought fire (freed libido) to mankind and a vulture (devouring monster, libido chained by fixation, "terrible mother," introversion) preys on his vitals. Compare the Ixion myth, where Ixion is bound on a fiery wheel because he has plunged Deioneus into a fiery pit, also the Scandinavian Loki myth, where Loki, the god of fire (free libido) is bound on a rock and a serpent (libido in infantile fixation, introversion, death-wish) lets its venom fall upon his face. Note the rôle that fire plays in these myths, also the implied desire for rebirth.



thinking she sees the eyes of her brothers; when the warm sun kisses her cheek, she thinks of her brothers: the significance of which we shall see presently. From these and many similar myths we must be convinced that, typically, the swan is a masculine symbol, probably on account of its snake-like neck. Since the swan stands for poets and poetry, it must mean Browning himself; he is the sweet singer who is singing his swan-song. But the dream is over-determined; the swan, since it enters the cleft-rock, the mother, must stand also for the father; it would really appear that Browning, in his Unconscious, thinks that he remembers while still in the womb, coitus between his parents. Freud relates a strikingly analogous dream as such a phantasy.

We have already seen reason to conclude that through mythical heroes, intense admiration for the elder Browning's poetic gifts, and the latter's sympathetic understanding, Browning would have every reason to project himself upon the father. The poem, as a whole, is a eulogy upon Shelley. Can the swan stand for Shelley? Shelley was already dead when the dream was dreamed, had "sung his swan-song." It is extremely likely, since Browning had never known Shelley, personally, that Shelley is a surrogate for the father. Both were poets, both were notable for their beauty of poetic expression; it is obvious that Browning had projected himself upon Shelley, even so far as to imitate his vegetarianism. It is obvious that he has projected himself upon his own father. Therefore Shelley is the surrogate for the father, or (according to Jung) for the father-imago; he is, in fact, a father-imago.

We may prove this. Browning addresses Shelley as "Sun-treader," a reference to Apollo, god of the sun; he thinks of him also as a "swan." Jung traces the words "sun" and "swan" to a common Sanskrit root, which is also the root of the various words in ancient and modern languages meaning "to sound" (lat. sonare). "The root sveno, to sound, to ring, is found in Sanskrit. . . . Latin, sonare, to resound." Then we have Vedic svanas, svonos, meaning tone, noise. There is Gothic sun-na, sunno, the sun. The idea of the singing sun is not new. If we trace the word swan to these ancient roots, we readily comprehend the myths of the singing sun (statues of Memnon), and the singing swan, which identifies the swan with the sun, as the history of language shows. Now, likewise, we understand the likeness of the sun to the brothers' eyes in the Danish folk-tale. The term "Sun-treader" becomes clear. We begin to see a sequence here: The swan and the "sun-treader"



are Shelley or the Shelley image, they also stand for the poetic in Browning's own psyche, and all stand for the father, since Shelley is the poet's "spiritual father."

Let us turn to the second dream and note how it elucidates the first. It is a startling homo-erotic dream whose meaning cannot be mistaken. The poet plays a feminine rôle in this grossly erotic dream. He sees himself as a "young witch." Now the witch in folk-lore is typically an old and repulsive woman who can weave spells. But Browning does not use the term in its typical meaning. He uses it rather in the sense of a young and bewitching woman. He speaks of his life-purposes, or ends, as now seeming fair, now seeming foul, "As a young witch turns an old hag at night." He refers to the various Lamia tales, in which a supernatural being is a lovely woman by day but a loathsome monster at night. Keats' "Lamia," with which Browning was familiar is such a witch. The "wer-wolves" of Medieval folk-lore were human beings by day but prowling wolves at night. The vampire, supposed to live on human blood, was such a creature. We may also cite the young witch with whom Faust dances on Walpurgis-night, a beautiful naked young woman. In the dream of neurotics, the witch is frequently a mother-image. In ancient myths the mother devours her children. We are familiar with the cosmic myths in which the hero rends this "terrible mother" in twain and from her carcass constructs the universe. The mother, the regressive libido, must be destroyed in order that the hero may attain independence and the world progress. Where, in old cosmologies, the "terrible mother" appears as one of the Fates or Furies or (in Scandinavian myth) the Norns, with the destiny of mankind, her offspring, in her hands, in Medieval myth and modern folk-tale, the witch usurps her place. The witch is in league with all the powers of evil, she is the destructive power in nature and by her evil spells destroys human life and happiness. It is this type of witch which Browning dreams he has become: a creature fair without and foul within, attractive on the surface, but full of hideous thoughts, foul images, loathsome feelings. The witch as the "terrible mother" stands for Browning's own lower nature and impulses. The meaning is clear that Browning hates the mother-nature in himself. This is of course not a conscious, but an unconscious hatred, which appears in dreams. The weakness, the effeminacy, which persists in him and which he unconsciously attributes to the mother nature, he deplores, since it overwhelms and strives to kill the god-like, the heroic, the truly

masculine. It is the typical hero motif of mythology. This brings us to a consideration of the god of the dream.

This image stands for the poet's higher nature, the god-like. It is the categorical imperative, the moral law, the authoritative voice of civilization which speaks against the inner, animal urge of primitive erotism. It stands for Shelley, therefore, is a father-imago. Browning was going through the familiar *Sturm und Drang* period of adolescence; the demands from without conflicted with the demands of his own primitive, individualistic libido. In the struggle, the libido wins and the god-nature in the poet is brought down to mortal level. We may compare this with the story of Cupid and Psyche, the myth in Genesis of the sons of the gods wedding with the daughters of men, also the variant forms of the Undine legend, where a water-witch weds a mortal and draws him down to a watery grave. The allusion to Shelley is obvious, since Shelley is the "Sun-treader," the god, Apollo.

Since in both of these dreams, Browning holds that he sullies the Shelley image, it is doubtless due to some homo-erotic act or thought of his youth, since he was as yet not freed from infantile fixation.

From these two dreams and from the poem as a whole we get the sequence: swan—sun—sun-treader—god—Apollo—life-giving god—spiritual father—father-imago. The swan, then, and the god in the second dream are the father-imago of the latent dream-thought, while the fiend of the first dream and the witch of the second are the hated mother-imago.

If from analysis of other material in the poem, we fail to comprehend the strong affect which attaches to landscapes, towers, and the like, which pursued Browning and seemed to drive him mad, the dreams enlighten us. We know that the dream utilizes apparently inconsequential material in order to elude the endo-psychic censor and give expression in symbolized form to latent dream-thought fraught with painful emotion. The free-floating anxiety of the complex attaches to such material and colors it emotionally. We deduce that the complex in Browning's case was a father-complex, and the emotional content of such a complex even though it be not in itself unpleasant, causes great unhappiness because the subject cannot, when he comes to adult years, free himself from the fixation and fix his love upon some person of the opposite sex. He has a feeling of being restrained, bound by fetters (the fiend in the cave), "enclosed by doubts," thwarted in his highest endeavors.

He unconsciously feels the abnormality of the fixation, and deepest anguish results. The expression of this anguish constitutes his "masculine protest" (Adler). The sole means of attaining normality and happiness is through abreaction of his painful emotions, a breaking-up and re-molding of the complex. This is exactly what Browning does, as the final lines of the poem demonstrate (lines 821-830):

My God, my God, let me for once look on thee  
As though naught else existed, we alone!  
And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark  
Expands till I can say,—Even from myself  
I need thee and I feel thee and I love thee.  
I do not plead my rapture in thy works  
For love of thee, not that I feel as one  
Who cannot die; but there is that in me  
Which turns to thee, which loves or which should love.

Then follows a maddened outcry for the all-embracing love of God. He avows that he will give all earth's reward, if only he can believe that God loves him. If the poem as a whole is a chronicle of his adolescent life extending over a period of years, we must look upon the earlier portion with the two dreams as expressive of adolescent auto-erotism and parental-fixation. The lines above quoted indicate the end of this period with a hysterical upheaval, abreaction, and, possibly, sublimation through religion.

We have seen that Browning claimed to be atheistic, ostensibly following the lead of Shelley. But what do we surmise when a subject comes to the analyst, crying out against God and the universe? We immediately suspect the father-complex, with its accompanying anguish; we suspect that the subject has projected his own difficulties upon the Cosmos, and that the bitter upbraiding, the doubt of the existence of a beneficent Creator are due to the complex. The issue usually proves the surmise correct: for when the subject has had his resistances broken down, has successfully abreacted, and made a successful positive transference, it often happens that his religious doubts are resolved. We feel in this case, that the atheism had a more fundamental cause than Browning's projection upon Shelley; it was the characteristic expression of the father-complex, with its accompanying painful emotion.

Since the father-complex and the resultant introversion kept Browning bound up in self, he was unhappy inasmuch as he was prevented from self-realization, from realizing his dream of love in

reality. But in these closing lines, it is evident that he abreacts, attains independence and finds himself capable of loving the adored Pauline. His words, somewhat pale and cold heretofore where Pauline is concerned, now take on an impassioned tenderness. "And now, my Pauline, I am thine forever." He had ever felt "somewhat of love" for her, but now it grows in passionate intensity: he has broken up the old father-complex and the spirit, or father-fixation, which had buoyed him up, deserts him, he no longer has that crutch upon which to lean. He has undergone a tremendous and significant psychic change. He has overcome the autoerotism which went with the father-complex; he directs his emotions outward and becomes "love's slave." The old egocentric desires are no more (lines 937-949):

No more of the past! I'll look within no more,  
 I have too trusted my own lawless wants,  
 Too trusted my vain self, vague intuitions—  
 Draining soul's wine alone in the still night,  
 And seeing how, as gathering films arose,  
 As by an inspiration life seemed bare  
 And grinning in its vanity, while ends  
 Foul to be dreamed of, smiled at me as fixed  
 And fair, while others changed from fair to foul  
 As a young witch turns an old hag at night.  
 No more of this! We will go hand in hand,  
 I with thee, even as a child—love's slave,  
 Looking no farther than his liege commands.

The last lines, quoted on page 131 addressed to Shelley, seem to mark the end of the fixation; the poet comes to full realization of his difficulty and though he is "as one going in the dark to fight a giant," his "last state is happy, free from doubt or touch of fear."

Let us summarize briefly. The poet confesses that he has been guilty of secret faults which are the result of introversion, autoerotism, being bound up in the dim orb of self. He relates two dreams to substantiate this, which deal with his infantile fixations upon his parents and proclaim the introversion. He imagines landscapes with swans and other birds, towers and snakes, fiends and witches, which disturb him and drive him almost to madness. He alludes to various myths: Hermes, Prosperpine, Orestes, Agamemnon, in all of which he exhibits the desire for death and rebirth, the sloughing-off of youthful untrained erotism fixed on unworthy ideals and the attainment of full power and individuality. He con-

fesses a slavish worship for the poet Shelley, who is a surrogate for the father, and represents the father-complex. Finally, he breaks down his resistances, breaks up the complex, abreacts, remolds the complex through religion, and feels himself a normal man: a consummation which he fully realized as his later poems, beginning with *Paracelsus*, demonstrate.

## PSYCHOANALYSIS AND COMPULSION NEUROSIS. THE THERAPEUTIC POSSIBILITIES

BY SMITH ELY JELLIFFE AND ZENIA X<sup>1</sup>

In an earlier issue of the *PSYCHOANALYTIC REVIEW* I offered to our readers a study made for me by one of my patients in regard to some of her phobias and compulsions. She had made at that time a comparative study of these in the light of similar notions recorded in the beliefs and customs of primitive and savage peoples. This study had helped her largely in understanding the reason for the presence of these things in her mental life, their historical significance not only but also the incompatibility of them in such form with the plane of modern culture in which her lot was cast. Recently she has communicated with me to the effect that she would like to present a sequel to this report of herself contained in the former study. She wished to show from her own experience that psychoanalysis has a practical bearing upon life and that the effecting of its practical aim does actually lie in its investigation into the varying grades of culture which lie behind and within the life of the individual as well as of the community. This patient believes that through these means she discovered her health and with it unsuspected and inexhaustible powers. She wishes to add her testimony, out of a number of years of successful experience to the effectiveness of psychoanalysis and the truth of its method in recognizing the undying value of the past in the life and the actual relation of primitive with modern culture. Again I will leave the telling of her story entirely in her own hands:

It is now five years or more since I was allowed to present to the readers of the *PSYCHOANALYTIC REVIEW* some of the facts of the psychoneurosis from which I had just begun my recovery through psychoanalysis. I made the study at that time in order to compare those features of my illness with features of the same sort which are consciously and conspicuously active in primitive society. My attempt was to set forth in some measure the meaning and value of such a comparison for the understanding of such mental diffi-

<sup>1</sup> See *Compulsion Neurosis and Primitive Culture*, Vol. I, No. 4, 1914.



culties as mine, which arose out of these elements. For I realized the aid which such understanding could give in putting these into their proper place in the mental life so that instead of being disturbing they might prove their value as natural interests and expressions of belief and effort in the life of any period. The facts which were taken for this study from the lives of more primitive men and women helped me to realize that we preserve in our unconscious selves traces and features of earlier modes of thought and that a neurosis merely means a failure of adaptation of these through sublimation of them over into the different social requirements of the present time.

It has also been suggested to me in various ways since I underwent psychoanalysis that people are waiting for clear proof that this course of treatment, based on such a principle as that which I have just stated, is of actual value in the readjustment of a life. Is it true in the light of such a comparative study that one can at a late period in one's life bring these more archaic elements at last into an orderly control and into use in the demands of modern culture? And if so, is this really accomplished by knowing these primitive elements existing within one, as such a comparative study seems to show? Does this really cure a psychoneurosis? My present purpose is to state again, with the reader's indulgence, some personal facts which will in part at least answer these questions. I cannot but feel that having so revealed some of these more basic elements of the content of the mental life and the difficulties which they cause, I should like also to acknowledge what my conviction at that time and my later experience in the adjustments of modern life have taught me, that these things are indeed basic elements in character and mental activity and that when adjusted to the needs and customs of modern life they are the source of success and full enjoyment of such life. And while I would make no plea for the comparatively unhappy and wasted years of a long neurosis, yet there is a distinct advantage in having come close to some of these naked basic facts. Some of these I revealed in the former account of my phantasies and of the fears, compulsions and ceremonials which grew out of them, interpreted to me as they have been by psychoanalysis. I have also been moved to this further self revelation at this time by the memory of a sceptical remark made by a friend of mine when I was undergoing psychoanalytic treatment. She expressed what others have felt about this form of treatment when she said that I was probably interested and imagined I was

being helped only because the doctor had "sort of hypnotized" me. One could not accredit such a treatment, she said, for at least five years, when time would have proved whether it was reliable or not. The five years have passed and I should like to state briefly some of the ways in which psychoanalysis has proved that it can bring a severe compulsion neurosis into line with modern culture and its way of life.

I cannot attempt to cover the entire effect upon my life. The reconstruction has been too widespread to follow it through all its phases. The compulsive neurotic of five or six years ago, who was too completely smothered in the phantasies and fearful defenses set up against them to know that there was a world of vivid interests around her, is now awake and too much interested in applying her late discovered powers to many interests to follow the working out of the "cure" in every direction. Therefore some of the detailed readjustments must be passed over and to some extent be hidden in generalities.

My comparisons can then best begin perhaps along the lines of my former difficulties. Dr. Jelliffe spoke, introducing our former study, of some of the physical distresses from which I suffered. These were particularly the widespread and persistent tics. Let me say it honestly: how strange it seems to have to recall them to mind! I do remember them and with an effort can recall what agony of soul and contortions of body they caused me and had caused me for more years than I can now count. It is difficult also from this point of view to see them as the occasion for constantly repeated prayers, vain and exhausting struggle for a sense of purity which I could never attain no matter how hard I tried in the face of the physical sexual sensations they represented and the haunting thoughts that came with them. Now as I think of all this it is not easy to separate it in its original distressing "sinful" form from the interesting interpretations which psychoanalysis taught me to put upon it. For it opened these things to me in their vital significance and as representing merely a perfectly honorable positive value which somehow had been misinterpreted and displaced. One might say that this view of it is only part of the "hypnotism" from which I am not yet released. However, I am speaking from five years' experience in putting such new interpretations to the test and in a time when I am not only free from the former indescribable distress but happy and contented in regard to all these things so they can now be safely and securely laid aside from my conscious

thought except at such times, as in the present report, when I want them for some definite purpose.

To be sure these things did not disappear as difficulties and sore troubles all at once even when their true meaning was understood. I should like to insist upon this point, as I think it may be of help and encouragement in the appraisal of psychoanalysis and the establishment of confidence in some other patient. Since it is true that the work of psychoanalysis is to establish a mental adjustment usually after years of a more or less serious maladjustment of just such factors, it must in the very nature of things be a slow adjustment, while the mental life and the bodily organism through which it expresses itself form and establish new habits. Therefore old tic-like activities will persist for a shorter or longer time and even the mental habit of misinterpretation and fear will not yield at once, and reactions of pain and physical upset are not all at once obliterated.

I should like to add further testimony just here in regard to another deeply seated reaction of this sort which was not mentioned in my former report. It seems to me so important in the extension of psychoanalysis to one field at least of physical medicine, one in which my former experience taught me the futility of the measures in vogue everywhere. I shall here again be compelled to use the terms of psychoanalytic interpretation in stating my case but again I speak from actual and definite experience.

It will not be strange to those versed in psychoanalysis that I was through all my menstrual life a sufferer from severe and incapacitating menstrual pains and suffered also before the analysis with a great deal of pelvic pain and distress of various sorts, for which no operative or other relief could be afforded. It gradually became clear to me how easily the menstrual difficulties and all attendant disorder could be the expression of the strong repression put upon my sex life, the unsuccessful and painful struggle with sexual thoughts, the need for even an extra physical defense against the underlying pleasure desires connected with the genitals. And this of course, as the savage lore taught me, contained the indirect means of gratifying what on the other hand had to be turned into pain and rebuff. What could be more childishly exhibitionistic, for example, than the continual forcing of these distresses in the form of incapacitating pain upon the notice of the surrounding world? What could more continually gratify the various denied longings throughout the genital apparatus than the exercise there of pain

and distress? Moreover, it seemed to me that it was a marked expression of the hatred and rebellion with which the compulsive neurotic unconsciously and in such indirect ways faces the world in which she has failed of success. These things were therefore deep-rooted and the mental understanding of them did not bring relief at once. Little by little, however, the interests of the real world which were for the first time proving themselves worth while began to usurp the throne of these menstrual tyrants. Yet the pain continued. The wish was now present in consciousness, and I suspect the unconscious was coming to be a participant in it, to yield to the external world which contained a variety of pleasures and where I had made social intercourse, enjoyment of out of doors, pursuit of any useful occupation or delight dependent upon the menstrual whim and interfered with by this perfectly normal function. So at first not in the old antagonistic manner of an added repression, but because these other external interests were calling, less and less time and attention were given to the function. Probably, however, the unconscious wish life was not quite equal yet to the full adjustment nor had the physical habit been able yet to change completely. It seemed that the latter perhaps had been of too long standing to be altogether alterable. Then a good many months ago suddenly the severe pain dropped away and has not reappeared, some slight pain only still continuing but growing less during successive periods. For the first time after years of suffering the menstrual difficulties were compelled to retire. They had no more service to render the unconscious wish life. Their final disappearance was effected at a time when a new group of interests, among the many which I have in these five years been finding available, had been taken up by me and had under promising and stimulating conditions satisfied a lifelong but hitherto hopeless desire to embark on a particular line of work. I have laid stress upon this particular proof of the actual effect of psychoanalysis, of sufficient duration now to consider it final, for two reasons. I have already suggested both of them. One is the doubt and question expressed whether psychoanalysis can show definite and lasting results, and whether these results can be expected to manifest themselves all at once. The other is the one that grows out of this. It is that of the usefulness or not of extending psychoanalytic explanation and therapy into the sphere of physical ailments, and how far these may be considered amenable to the mental readjustment. My experience offset against former physical interference speaks hopefully for such a theory.

I shall have to speak of the phantasies which once so painfully pursued me as I have spoken of the tics. It needs some effort of recall to get them back in their own old forms. I am not inclined to ridicule them, however, as one might expect. No; they are not even now such complete strangers to me as once I tried in vain to make them. I also realize here that psychoanalysis cannot completely change the leopard's skin. Let me admit it: a compulsive neurotic I was born, a compulsive neurotic I shall remain. Perhaps that is only a figure of speech for after all I am not any more sure just what constitutes a neurotic. Whether my being a neurotic lay in the fact that in my earliest years I overstressed certain interests, shutting them too much away from a good broad adaptation to the world around me and so made a wrong use of such interests or whether I had in my inherited makeup a stronger tendency to certain interests which could be so used it is hard to say. I will leave that to those whose business it is to define the forms of mental disease and to handle them. I must admit that I have certain strong interests, such as I revealed in the former study, and that they were badly handled through all my past life. I also know that through the knowledge I gained both of the actual and historical value of these interests—which includes their relation to primitive culture—I came to value them as I had never dared to do before. I further learned the mechanism by which they became dangerous and troublesome rather than useful to me, as well as the healthful use to which they might be put in readjusting this mechanism, and therefore I have no need or wish to dispense with them. I rejoice that a compulsive nature with its available power, if it need no longer be called a compulsive neurosis, can be made to fit into modern culture.

I will briefly run over some of these interests in their new aspects. I need not repeat the story of their abuse, for example, of the fecal interest and its falsely applied creative meaning, as the savage and child mind conceive it, the exhibitionism, occupation with it in smell, color, sound, all the aspects in which I once indulged with fear and self reproach and disgust. The fact that I learned to define these things as well also as to recognize frankly the phases of urinary pleasure that once made life unbearable, the genital symbols that pursued me everywhere, does not mean, as some have feared, that I have grown licentiously familiar with them, have descended to a crude concrete level where I can see and speak and think and live only in primitive contact with these. On the contrary, for the first



time in my life such honest familiarity and understanding as I attained through psychoanalysis—and where else could I ever have attained it—gave me at last the power and the delight of sublimating all these in the beauties and opportunities of the world around me. My former story should convince any reader that this was wretchedly impossible in my previous life. There are some people who evidently sublimate without consciously knowing all this mental content which enters into sublimation, which constitute earlier interests of the race in more crude form. They do not have to enter into such detailed investigation and interpretation in order to make use through all these things of the reproductive urge. They are able without such an experience to grant a free and useful enjoyment and also to use it for a higher transformation of these things. I was not one of those fortunate beings. And yet because my lesson was a harder one, one that had to proceed by these details at first in their ugliness, their uncultural forms, I am perhaps closer to the real power that is hidden in them as symbols and means to the gratification of desire and the building up of the higher life.

I believe that my interest is more warm and vivid and can better take hold of the delight and power which make everything an inspiration and a source or means of activity to us because of the closeness with which I can come in through the help of psychoanalysis to these individual things. The warm brown earth which tempts me in the spring to make my dust baby of childhood phantasy "come alive," this same earth which gave me the fearful thrills of union when my urinary function was too closely associated with it, has a deeper inspiration, a greater incentive in my creative interest and joy in it than I could otherwise have experienced. It is so likewise with the phallic symbols that used to thrust themselves upon me at every turn. And I know also that now I can do what I once mourned I could not do, enjoy with a sublimated and aspiring stimulus the many partly veiled, partly free expressions in poetry and prose, art and music and drama of these things from which formerly I had to turn in fear and the bitterness of self reproach and sinfulness, because they all were too suggestive to me of forbidden elements beneath and within.

Bodies of water in the past, at least certain ones, were sources of a distressing feeling of unrest hard to define but producing a certain depression and as it were a mental dreariness, almost a mental nausea. Perhaps this is associated with the fact that I have been in the past a wretched sailor, finding the roll of the waves an



all too suggestive source of discomfort. There has been no opportunity for seafaring on my part in the last five years, but I have experienced a decided change of feeling with one body of water, a river associated with my childhood and with several very distinct episodes in my later struggle. Formerly this river, though a stream of rare beauty and interest, always produced within me in large proportion the feelings I have mentioned and proved so dreary a reminder to me that I avoided it as much as possible. Now it is one of my most restful recreations to walk by its banks and I find that travel upon it, once a forced duty, is also a rich delight. I cannot help feeling that I have here again an alteration in my use of the urinary function with all its exaggerated interest in phantasy and its close association with the sex function. I think even the Great Lakes, once painfully sexually suggestive, as I related, could now be drawn into my school map with an unwavering hand. The hidden tabooed side of natural function and the interest attached to it again, I believe, have not been removed but released from the pain of an unsuccessful repression and have come forth to inform the ordinary conscious pleasures and interests of life with more than an ordinary zest and attractiveness. The unconscious factors again lend their sparkle and stimulus to these things which are even in a somewhat generalized way associated with them.

There were many minor forms and expression of interest which, with the first revelations of psychoanalysis of their inner cruder meaning, I thought I must avoid, those of taste and smell and other forms of sensation. Only I could do it more frankly than before when I did it blindly. But I soon learned that such was not the final satisfactory reaction. These things all represented grades of libido expression, the striving libido itself, and therefore must be kept and utilized at their full value. And this gave them opportunity gradually to slip into the proper grooves of sublimation so that their original power, strongly seized upon in earlier, less critical years of childhood, might still go with them and therefore the sublimation be one of real vital material. This as I have said gives the more cultural pleasures a depth and genuineness which would otherwise be absent.

I had spoken before of the fears that haunted my life. This was not only the everpresent fear with its consequent ceremonials, almost conscious that its object was of sexual transgression though only in phantasy. I mean also the overwhelming better defined fears which grew out of this and made my life a burden of caution

and dread, like that of the savages. I was not willing to admit, even when I wrote before, how well defined and how numerous were these fears nor what an influence they had upon my life. There was a dread of thunderstorms and acute fear when they occurred, one which I can now see as having a reference all its own to the formerly acknowledged interest in the anal erotic especially through sound. It probably shared in the urinary interest and undoubtedly was closely akin through the lightning, which I particularly morbidly dreaded, with the confessed persistent fear of the Deity entering me sexually. Now while I watch a storm without let or hindrance I can again obtain I believe a far greater appreciation of its beauty and its majesty because I have shared with the races of the past in their more primitively cultural interpretations and know rather more profoundly and vitally the meaning of the power of the divinities of the storm, as the striving wish of man has created them out of his experiences. He made them carriers of his wishes and fears, the latter the way in which his wishes, like mine, reluctant to leave him, would return upon him. Perhaps all this is in part responsible for a fear of death which used so persistently to fill my experience with storms. I can really laugh now in the face of the storm, for it would seem a magnificent way to die. From out my repressions and fears I think something also from the Valhalla age of culture has been released.

Except that I care more at present to live, for I *can* live now. If there are other patients who suffer under the depression of a scarcely acknowledged fear of death, but are, as I was, unceasingly haunted by it, I should like to tell them not only that such a fear rolls off with the burden of this repression and yields to the dawning of an understanding of the unconscious interests and wishes out of which it arises. But it is a curious thing too that the more one has to live for, or I would rather say to live with, finding one's smothered powers, and daring to let them forth, one finds one is perfectly unafraid of death because it seems to be of so little account. One loves life more but one also lives it so much more fully every day that there is a feeling that one could as easily put it down if necessary as one could drop a ball at the end of a thrilling round of the game, plenty of energy left in one yet, but so satisfied with the glow of expended and still flowing energy that one might stop anywhere and let someone else go on. I dwell also upon this for the contrast in feeling and appreciation of both life and death is so different from the old feeling which found either one but the weary or the

fearful choice of two evils. Even the innate infantile desire for death was offset and disturbed by the reproach which it aroused within the self, creating perhaps to a large extent the fear.

I remember that one of the first principles insisted upon in my analysis, as I was taught to understand the mechanism of the psychic life, was that of transference of affect from its original idea to some other more bearable one. Of course, I have illustrated this principle already in all that I have just written. I have been showing how little by little it was brought back to the original idea with which the affect arose and this became valued for its own sake and therefore became more capable of sublimation into some higher use and meaning. Another instance of this comes to me in relation to a very important phase of my neurosis. This was the elaborate ceremonial I was formerly compelled to carry out almost ceaselessly, through hand washing, prayers for cleansing and avoidance of certain objects, positions, thoughts, interests when any religious exercise was at hand and I felt the burden and sin of my impurity. One curious but not unrelated way in which this had become further removed from its original source and meaning in my sexual thoughts and anxieties was that I had in my school days shifted it over upon my newly acquired knowledge of bacteriology in studying biology. I suppose there was also a hidden connection here between the ideas of infection and impregnation, which would have given an added coloring and strength to my obsessive fear of microbic infection. I remember at this time and for many years later with what scrupulous and wearing precaution I guarded against such uncleanness and with what a waste of time and strength and comfort for myself and others I kept watch against infection, always with the idea of the sinfulness of allowing any slackness or relaxation of vigilance on my part. Now I find myself with what I might call a far more tolerant attitude toward the possible dirt of the world, just as I have toward the thoughts and ideas that now may flit through my conscious or unconscious mental life without a painful moral housecleaning on each oft repeated recurrence of such. I find that the excessive anxiety has departed from the external sources of dirt and soil and infection. Such particles or elements of the material world are accepted as a part of external reality concerning which we may have a definite and reasonable care but also a definite valuation which puts even these more surely into their proper place. This attitude therefore really exercises a more effective control over them and certainly makes one more healthily resistant to any dan-

gerous effect they might have upon a nature more readily psychically disturbed and therefore not properly armed for resistance against them. Besides little things and big are not rendered obnoxious by the exaggeration of uncleanness, infection, contamination adhering to them often with an almost consciously sexual significance in their contact with other people. I have come to realize how much the various childish distorted conceptions of impregnation and other more infantile sexual elements play a large part in the disgusts, loathings, aversions with which I once surrounded articles of food, of clothing, of general use and of mutual human contacts everywhere. Here again the affect has returned where it honestly belonged, and once located there as in the beginning of the phantasy development, probably back in infancy, it loses its exaggerated importance and can take its proper relative importance in the light of a clear and now undisturbed consciousness of it. It is not altogether easy to explain this, but I do find it true that this leaves consciousness at last free to pursue its higher aim, and to do so with both effectiveness and interest because it can frankly draw upon these more basic interests and turn them to its higher purposes.

I spoke particularly in my former paper of my religion of fear and of the direct reference of my sexuality to God, especially the Holy Ghost. Here there lingers a curious bit of my psychoneurosis, proving to me both how deeply this part of the obsession had entered into my life, and that five years are not quite long enough for the body and mind to outgrow entirely these deeply laid habits of thought and feeling. My conception of God has yielded to the light of a clearer understanding and reason. The searching out of the deeper meaning of religion in the striving of our inmost lives, and what this means as it is rooted in the sexual, freed me from the overwhelming fears and terrors with which religion was always surrounded in my mind, and made of religion a matter of the greatest historical and evolutionary interest and for the present day a practical means of unifying and controlling life in some great definite purpose which serves to hold it all together. I found that this could be interpreted in a variety of ways and need be bound to no definite and frightening creed nor to awful personages whom one could only fear and dared not love. Yet the primitive element that seems to maintain its hold and prove the depth of the sexual grounding of my original God idea manifests itself still in the semblance of a physical quiver, or tic with a corresponding psychic timidity at the mention of the Holy Ghost.

One thing which I also had not dwelt upon in the comparison of my neurosis and primitive culture was the hatred which had developed toward my parents. I might have found parallels had I gone on with that comparison in the more grossly self preservative treatment, on the part of primitive man, of parents or any others that stood in the individual's own way. Suffice it to say that in my own case there had always been an aversion to my mother which was even conscious and which with my strong religious conscientiousness formed a deep reproach to me and which I could explain only on the ground that I must be more unappreciative, stony-hearted and hateful toward my parents than any other mortal that ever lived. This was a source of deepest shame and self reproach and the occasion of much agonizing prayer and conflict. For it had extended also in later years to my father, too, whom as a child I had adored. I could tolerate neither parent but mentally at least subjected them to the harshest criticism and openly found them the objects of unfavorable comparison with other people whom I knew and sources only of mortification and unhappiness to me. My mother's death was a secret relief but the admission of this even to myself only added to the self reproach and torture I put upon myself. The frequent expressions of honor and appreciation which I frequently heard from acquaintances of my parents were met with no response from me for I could see only their faults and their shortcomings in the face of my hypercriticisms of them. Or else they led me to turn and inflict fresh torments of reproach and penance upon myself. Here psychoanalysis wrought a change for me of a twofold value. It slipped from my mental shoulders a burden of misunderstanding, bitterness and self torment heavier than the burden which Pilgrim left at the wicket, when it showed me again the entire racial and individual history of the parent-child relationship with all its possibility of mutual misunderstanding, overvaluation on the one hand and undervaluation on the other. It taught me to take my parents not only at their actual face value in themselves, but also in the face of other real individuals and the actual situations of this real world. I no longer saw them through the false idealism of a continued infantile love or hate. And so besides loosing my burden it gave me the positive value, and though today both parents have died, I recognize and cherish their true worth as I never could do in the neurotic past. I delight to feel that in any of the powers to do and enjoy which psychoanalysis was the means of discovering and restoring to me I can recognize certain traits inherited or in-



stilled and nourished by either parent according to their individual tastes and qualities, those that once were lost by me in my ill-regulated love and hate and therefore despised.

Since I spoke a word in regard to the distress which dreams once caused me and compared this to the savage's attitude toward dreams, I might add a word as to the service I find today in the dream in my modern cultural life. Since I have learned that psychoanalysis is a continual process in building up a healthy and broadening outlook upon the world, I find that dreams also continue their therapeutic effect. I have learned what Freud means when he calls the dream the guardian of sleep, also that it is a help in arranging and entering into the affairs of the day. Only rarely do I seem to have occasion definitely to remember a dream and submit it to the principles of analysis I once learned. Then it usually sheds special light over some problem, reveals the underlying wishes which have to be adjusted in regard to it, and often certain difficulties which are somehow interfering with a good adjustment. More often I awaken with a sense that things have somehow been proceedings pleasantly while I slept and matters have been comfortably rounded up for the beginning of a new day. By an effort of memory I recall the fear and terror, the unrest and distress that used to follow my dreams and make the day sometimes one long fight to get away from the disturbing influence of the dream. Now because I can allow the dreams to guard the sleep by attending to the no longer feared unconscious, they obtain for me a long unbroken night of sleep and rest as the day is to be a varying round of activities from the moment of waking until I again close my eyes. Once more I cannot help dwelling upon this for it affords such a contrast to the former inactivity and hindrance of fear which used to drag itself over the day and prevent hours of activity, prevent my getting to rest and to sleep when I had retired. As I remember the insomnia and the mental agony that went with it, I look down a long vista of trional powders and bromides, over mounds of valerian and asafetida pills, all prescribed by physicians in good and regular standing, who had never yet heard of psychoanalysis. And I cannot but wonder when physicians as well as the suffering world will come to recognize the value of a method which looks into something deeper and more personal than the things medicine ordinarily regards as the causes of neurotic suffering with all its train of evils. It certainly may seem astounding or ridiculous, at least hard to understand, that an entrance into the mysteries of primitive culture should



have such a thorough therapeutic effect upon a disturbed life. Yet I cannot believe that I am an exception in that elements of primitive culture survived in my mental makeup and were active in the old primitive way because I had not learned to know them and so to alter them in conformance with modern culture. I firmly believe also that modern culture is inseparably dependent upon these for its vitality and power and that their presence in the unconscious is indispensable to an effective and working modern culture. My own experience teaches me moreover that the attack upon illness, mental at least and perhaps to a larger degree than we know the physical too, must be made through the unconscious storehouse of past cultures of all ages. The material garnered from these forms the vital foundation through which health must be attained and efficiency and interest in life be maintained.

## EXTENDING THE FIELD OF CONSCIOUS CONTROL<sup>1</sup>

BY WILLIAM A. WHITE

Barbellion in his journal said "there are people who have seen most things but have never seen themselves walking across the stage of life. If someone shows them glimpses of themselves they will not recognize the likeness." This is not only true of "people who have seen most things" but is equally true of the much larger proportion of people with a more limited range of vision. No matter how broad and deep our knowledge may be it may not and usually does not include, in any true sense, a comprehensive understanding of our own intimate selves. That we all have an intimate self is a commonplace but like so many commonplaces, time and space, the twinkling of a star, does not bear examination; at the first question, almost, recourse must be had to evasions and subterfuges, for the fact is we are not really acquainted with it. It is only since the rise of the new psychology, a very few years, that we have come to any orderly understanding of this inner self of ours and have learned how to question it and discover its characteristics. This knowledge grew, in the first instance, out of the necessities of the consultation room, as the old methods were found increasingly less satisfactory for estimating the patient's condition by what he was pleased to volunteer regarding it, by accepting his explanation of his nervousness, sleeplessness, lack of interest and then prescribing more or less at his dictation, rest, a trip abroad, perhaps an operation. It took a long time to discover the obvious in this department of medicine and to learn that the patient's symptoms had a meaning which could be discovered by effort aimed in the right direction. When this was found out it also appeared that the treatment, the trip abroad for example, which had been slyly suggested by the patient and gratefully caught up by the physician as an easy way out of a difficult situation, was desired by the patient and the doctor had been used only as a convenience and because of his authority, to obtain it. The nervousness, the sleeplessness, the lack of energy

<sup>1</sup> Read at the International Conference of Women Physicians, New York, October 8, 1919. The foot-notes have been added since the reading and were suggested by the discussion.

and all the rest of it could now be seen to be the natural results of an intolerable home situation, for example, and the trip abroad a pleasant means of escape and perhaps in addition a means of punishing a recalcitrant member of the family. In all of this complex medley the patient may be serenely unconscious of what it is all about, and is being used by unconscious instinctive tendencies and besides, victimizing all about, family and physician as well. With this type of conduct we are all quite familiar. Just so soon, however, as we come to examine conduct broadly with the object of determining its meaning, when we come to inquire why people behave in this or that way, what object they have, what return they get from what appear to be inconveniences or even illnesses then we begin to realize how widespread are these types of behavior reactions which are produced in response to instinctive demands which remain unconscious, unknown to the individual.

It seems obvious, when the problem is stated in this way, that the only possible way to remedy such a state of affairs is to bring the motive of the individual into the field of consciousness as a preliminary step at least to changing the behavior. Whether improvement can or can not be wrought in conduct it must come about, if at all, by first enlarging the field of consciousness to include the tendencies back of the conduct in question and then control and a redirecting of energies may be effected if possible. So long as the motives for conduct lay wholly without the field of consciousness so long is the individual their creature instead of their master. This in brief is what is meant by extending the field of conscious control, it is the principle at the basis of the psychoanalytic approach to the psychotherapeutic problem, and its validity is witnessed to by numerous successes in this field as well as by the facts of development. I mention only in passing the gradually increasing control of the functions represented at the thalamic level by the cortex in the evolution of the cerebrum, the efforts made by education to the same end in the development of the individual, and the various political gestures calculated to render the voice of the people audible, and no example could be more striking than the present effort throughout the world to make the forces let loose by the war available for the ends of peace and I think you will agree with me that the principal difficulty in doing this arises from our lack of knowledge of the real nature and extent of these forces.

Just a few illustrations of the way things may go wrong because of the unconsciousness of the motives actuating conduct. A

teacher, for example, in starting with a new class is convinced that one of her pupils is stupid and vicious. The reason for this opinion is traced to his resemblance to a former pupil who was in fact vicious and stupid but the associations have dropped away from consciousness and only the prejudice is left. It is obviously important that the teacher's field of consciousness should be enlarged to include these lost associations if the pupil is to get fair treatment and attention commensurate with his real qualifications.

A most common way in which unconscious tendencies lead astray is by the projection of a wish. An associate is perhaps rather a dangerous business or professional rival. It would go a long way towards clipping his wings if it were generally known that he were dishonest. Such a suggestion creates the wish that he were dishonest, the wish is believed in because, if true, his dishonesty would react favorably and as a result the conduct is in accord with the belief and actions and statements begin to cast suspicion upon his honesty. This is in part the subtle psychology of rumor and is a mechanism we have seen used over and over again in recent months by the nations at war in working up their hostile feelings towards erstwhile friends but present enemies. This was the sort of psychology or mental mechanism which was so universally prevalent in the Middle Ages and which made anything like a scientific approach to the facts of reality impossible because of the warping effect of an all-enveloping egocentricity which viewed the universe with man as its center and all else created to minister to his needs. Things were seen as they were wished to be, not as they were. "Eyes and ears are bad witnesses to men who have not an understanding heart."

The conquering of our environment is made possible only by an increase in our knowledge of that environment which is, speaking in general, accomplished by a process of becoming conscious of the things which constitute the environment and of the laws that govern them. But this is a different aspect of the enlarging of the field of conscious control from that with which mental hygiene concerns itself. Great advances in our knowledge are made possible, among other ways, by the perfecting of the instruments with which we examine the environment. In the course of evolution the perfecting of the sense organs has brought the higher animals into contact with aspects of the environment unknown to lower forms, while in the realm of science the perfecting of instruments for enlarging our perceptions has been a notable factor in bringing a constantly wider

aspect of the environment within the realm of our perceptions. The perfection of the microscope, the telescope, and the spectroscope are instances in point and this perfection of the instruments for increasing the field of our perception has, among other things, been along the line of correcting imperfections which produced erroneous results. The process of the elimination of defects has taken place at once in the realm of organic evolution, for example, the correction of the defect in vision produced by the blind spot of the retina, and in the fabricated instruments for enlarging our perception, as for instance, the correction of errors of chromatic aberration in the microscope. Now the human mind may profitably be considered as an instrument for contacting with the environment and it is equally important to look to its sources of possible error with a view to correct them. This was early appreciated by the astronomers who found that a series of observations of the same phenomenon were not all alike. The human machine did not function with absolute accuracy so that an allowance had to be made for personal errors in correcting the observation—the so-called personal equation.

The new psychology has discovered the same sort of thing with reference to man's conduct, his beliefs, activities, observations and his estimates of his fellows, in fact, his whole field of relations to his personal and social environment. An individual's reaction in any particular situation is not alone determined by the factors of the situation itself but the sum total of his previous experience which relates him to it and for most of which he is quite unconscious. In other words, we approach every situation with a certain personal bias, a prejudice, if you will, based upon what the particular nature of our previous experiences may have been. For example, we subscribe to certain religious, political, social doctrines, choose our profession, our recreation, our friends, elaborate our theories of living, our philosophies almost altogether because of tendencies which lie back of consciousness and of which we are only vaguely, if at all, aware. In other words, we approach all our problems of living with a bias, a prejudice born of the unconscious, and our lives express, among other things, our reaction to these unconscious urgings. It is a matter of common knowledge that often our tendencies are at variance with our own as well as others interests, but never before has there been an adequate appreciation of the nature of the problem of bringing these tendencies under control and direction much less a technique for doing so. This is precisely

what the new psychology essays and because of the tremendous importance to mankind of the problem it attacks, its suggested solutions must receive an adequate hearing.

Mental hygiene, therefore, has to do with a refinement of this instrument of ours, the mind, so that it will work better in its function of relating us to our environment. To that end it is essential to know it through and through for what it really is, so to speak, rather than take it at its face value. Just because a man says so and so, even though the man be as a matter of fact truthful, is no reason why we should accept his statement. A man tells us that he really does not care for alcohol, that he only takes it as a matter of sociability and he may think he is telling the truth but we watch him year after year becoming a confirmed alcoholic and we know it was not so. In truth "actions speak louder than words."

Such a man, however, may easily have fooled us into an acceptance of his statement, but more important still is the fact that he succeeded also in fooling himself. For after all the essence of mental hygiene is self-knowledge, for we must first be honest with ourselves if we are to succeed with others. "To thine own self be true, . . . thou canst not then be false to any man."

Our instincts are bound to get expression in some way, sooner or later, and if we are not capable of understanding their promptings then they gain expression by some devious pathway and parade as something which they are not. An instinctively cruel person might be attracted to work requiring animal experimentation or, on the other hand, might succeed quite as well in satisfying his instinct by occupying his mind in imagining all sorts of fearful horrors associated with such experimentation and become a rabid anti-vivisectionist. In both cases he is more apt than not to do great harm because he does not approach the problem with a balanced mind but more intent upon the emotional satisfactions he will derive from the contemplation of suffering rather than upon the furtherance of certain researches in the first instance or the doing away with suffering in the second. If we would lead well rounded lives we must be able to bring all of ourselves to the problems we have to deal with and not have our efforts dammed by a divided allegiance. That we may do this we must know ourselves and knowing ourselves means an ever-increasing field of ourselves over which we may extend conscious control.

As physicians we must no longer be content to leave the personality out of the scheme of our attempts to understand illness, for



if our theories of the nature of the human psyche are correct then the mind is the central station, the clearing house for all the activities of the body, and so every physical symptom must have its reverberation in the mind of the patient and many of them cannot be adequately understood unless we take into account the psychic factors involved. This means that we must no longer be content to take the patient's account of his symptoms as final any more than we accept a cough as final and neglect to examine the various organs, lungs, heart, larynx for its explanation.

When it is once generally recognized that mental reactions are as definitely determined and as reasonable as physical and physiological reactions there will be a decided step forward in the enlargement of the field of conscious control.

We need not concern ourselves seriously about the environment. An increased knowledge of it and its laws and the bringing of it more and more under control is the prominent fact of our civilization. During all this period of what has been called the evolution of our environment man has himself evolved and that evolution has been, among other things, the result of an ever-increasing extension of his field of conscious control as I am using that term in this discussion, or, speaking in more usual terms, an increase in the capacity to bring the instincts under the domination of the intelligence. This is of course the evolution I am talking about, but in the past it has been accomplished unconsciously and only incidentally, as it were, in the attempt to attain other ends. In order, for example, to attain to a position of eminence and power in the community one had to forswear acts of violence and injustice. The instincts had to be restrained, but that restraint was not an end in itself but only incidental to an entirely different conscious purpose. But now the program of mental hygiene means the conscious pursuit of that which has heretofore been only an incidental goal, the intelligent attack upon the problem of how to bring the instincts into the best service to the individual, how to run them and so ourselves instead of being run by them. This awakening consciousness of man of himself is a new instrument of civilization, a new tool, if you will, which man from now on will use to fashion his destiny or until at some time in the future another shall come to take its place.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> In emphasizing the value of extending the field of conscious control I have not discussed the value of repression. Of course I think this is generally conceded by psychoanalysts but often strangely overlooked by their critics

Think for a moment what it would mean if the principles of self-knowledge were once generally known, if each man's little dexterities calculated to deceive were capable of instant interpretation by his fellows. Suppose for example the chronic grouch who is always finding fault with everything and everybody should realize that he was only advertising his own incompetence, and suppose all his fellows realized this. See what a difference it would make to the man himself, how he would restrain his complaints and have the energy he would otherwise dissipate available for use on the job. This would increase his efficiency, make him more successful, and so happy, and thus end the occasion for the grouch. At the same time his employer would not have to waste a lot of time trying to verify his stories of how the other workmen used him badly but would know at once where the fault lay and could at once proceed to bring to bear his influence in correcting it without having wasted much energy on the way and without having obtained a lot of erroneous opinions about his other employees. The whole process, without elaborating further, can be seen to make for efficiency by a better understanding of the conditions as they really are, and consequently for a greater capacity to meet them effectively.<sup>3</sup> With this new understanding many problems which exist

who seem to think either that the psychoanalyst preaches license or that his fundamental tenet is that we are dominated by amoral, asocial instincts—subjective devils—that will seize control at the first opportunity and drive us to destruction. No place seems to be given, according to such critics, for a positive, constructive, inner force making for "righteousness." The facts of repression and sublimation refute this attitude upon their face. The individual gets ill, he seeks advice and help only because sublimation has failed, because at some point fixation has interfered with what should have been a smooth and orderly progress along the lines of his psychosexual development. It is only at these points that the devils of his instincts lie in wait for him, and it is just with reference to these particular devils that it becomes necessary to extend the field of conscious control in order to whip them in line to help serve the ends of progress. Psychoanalysis therefore does not underrate the value of repression nor does it preach a philosophy of pessimism, it is a technic for helping a sick individual who for some reason has been unable to adequately deal with his problems.

<sup>3</sup> This discussion of the psychology of the "grouch" is of course extremely superficial. If only the employer, for example, could read the signs his efforts would be to help rather than to discipline. The picture I paint, however, is based upon the assumption that the signs can pretty generally be read by those about and are even known, in their general meanings, to the grouch himself irrespective of his power to control his conduct in accordance with that knowledge.

for us today will cease to be because the misunderstandings which have brought them into existence will be swept away. For example, subtle distinctions between simulation, malingering, and hysteria can have little practical significance when we realize that their only difference lies in the degree of conscious purpose with which the patient utilizes his symptom and that the problem is *not* whether we may find justification for condemning, hating and punishing the offender, but whether we can deal with the situation so as to improve it. By projecting our own antipathic tendencies into the situation we blind ourselves to an all round vision of the possibilities, and fail in consequence to get the best solution.

I cannot refrain from making reference, at this point, to another series of problems which will receive a most important illumination by this approach to the problem of illness. I refer to certain physical ailments which at present are most baffling to our understanding. I do not here refer to various functional disorders of sensation and motion, the anesthetics and paralyses which have been recognized for so long as of hysterical and therefore psychogenic origin. This group includes a host of symptoms in every department of medical specialism such as paraplegias, tremors, spasms, aphonias, amblyopias, deafness, the so-called false gastro-pathies and cardiopathies, all sorts of neuralgia-like reactions, emotional tantrums, in fact almost all conceivable types of symptoms with which every practitioner is more or less familiar. I refer rather to various conditions which come more nearly within the conception of organic disorders but which may well at first be purely functional. If we view the human machine as a whole we must realize that its several parts must serve the ends which it as a whole is endeavoring to accomplish. If therefore the individual approaches the problem of his life with a divided interest he must of necessity be constantly utilizing his energies for different, often mutually opposed ends. The result will be that the machine will be set for certain types of reaction which are not permitted to come to pass. These motor sets of the organism will produce tensions of the musculature, voluntary and visceral, as well as psychological tensions which when long-continued or severe in character tend to break down the machine. An example of the acute type of this sort of reaction would be the development of gastric ulcer in soldiers of the front line kept for a relatively long time under the tension of extreme anxiety awaiting an expected attack. An example of the more chronic type would be a chronic glycosuria from the constant

inadequately reacted to emotion of fear. Many other examples suggest themselves but I would only indicate the possibility that we may find by this method of approach better explanations of such well known problems as are presented by the many chronic illnesses which affect the overworked, overworried, harrassed man of affairs. Energy which is used in the service of repression, to use the psycho-analytic terminology, shows itself in the friction with which the machine works and the consequent wear and tear of its several parts.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> This brief reference to organic and functional naturally revives the old, old issue of the relation of body and mind. This problem with a number of others I have classed as pseudo-problems, because I do not believe that any real problem exists, rather only a question has been formulated by our intelligence to vex that same intelligence which asked it. At least if there is a question it is a question for philosophy and has no interest when it comes to the practical handling of the sick individual.

Aside altogether from the question of whether any such distinction has any value, the arguments generally brought forward as calculated to demonstrate that physical states are the cause of mental states rather than the reverse overlook very important data. For example, it is cited that a person has certain mental symptoms and clinical overhauling discovers some focal infection, glandular imbalance, physiological insufficiency or what not and that a relief of this condition results in a cure of the mental state. This is of course true, but it is only a partial truth. The physical illness did as a matter of fact condition the mental, but the particular form which the mental illness took was, on the other hand, a function of the personality make-up of the patient. One patient as a result of infection develops one form of mental illness, another patient another; the paretic may be grandiose, depressed, hypochondriacal, paranoid, or what not, and whatever form of psychosis he assumes finds its explanation in his personality make-up. Prisoners break down mentally under the stress of confinement and show manic-depressive, dementia præcox, paranoid, deliriod types of reaction according to their types of personality make-up.

All this, of course, is not to say that the psychosis is of psychogenic origin, but serves to explain why the psychosis takes the particular form it does. The ruins of a structure can only show the material of which it was built. When it comes to the more specific problem of psychogenesis, however, it is certainly good philosophy, at least, to explain the lower by the higher rather than the reverse, for the higher includes the lower and not the reverse. The union of men in society is much more than the mathematical sum of the several individual units, it contains another element, namely, the relations which maintain between them. In the same way the individual is something more than the mathematical sum of the functions of the several organs. The added element is constituted of the relations between them and it is just this relational element raised to the highest power to include them all that constitutes the psyche. It may be argued that such explanations are anthropomorphic, but they are not of that crass variety of the savage which

The reason why I am so sanguine for the future of this new movement is because the facts which have been worked out regarding man's psychic structure involve him in his profoundest parts and point clearly to the direction in which we must look for improving his personal and social relations, for a constructive attack upon the problem of education and for the illumination of innumerable social and therapeutic problems. And the place where a beginning has been made and from which an influence will continue to spread is the consultation room where the physician undertakes as careful an inquiry into the personality make-up as into the bodily structure. And the way to begin to accomplish something in this direction is not to wait until one has acquired a profound knowledge of psychology, but simply to approach the problems free from prejudice and with the conviction that psychological manifestations are facts that are as susceptible of explanation as are physical states. Then when the new way is known it will show how education may become a process of unfolding rather than repressing and will teach us where to look for our defects in character. Man has always been inclined to project all his interest outside himself and this new viewpoint will teach him not only where he may expect to find the origin of the trouble, when trouble there is, but also the method of unearthing it—and so bids fair to become at least as important a means for progress as for instance the invention of the cotton gin.

Evolution does not alone take place by a gradual, slow, uniform progress in some given direction, but by mutations, by saltatory advances, by the sudden creation of something new, something different. These sudden departures from the average are the real creative moments of evolution. They stand for a new method, supply a new instrument for dealing with reality and from them as starting points evolution proceeds rapidly until the possibilities of the new instrument have been pretty well exhausted, then evolu-

has been called Animism, but of that developed, sublimated form to which the term Humanism has been applied and which represents the development of a new method in philosophy that recognizes that all our thought and reasoning must be anthropomorphic because it is human, because it is *our* thought and reasoning. The new humanistic philosophy was developed to escape the impasses into which reason had led us by an examination of the instrument which did the reasoning much as in the psychoanalytic psychology we have come to learn that delusions are not just simply false, but receive their explanation when the psychology of the deluded person is examined and they are seen to represent a projected wish. In truth "Man is the measure of all things."



tion slows down, perhaps comes almost to a standstill, until nature gives birth again. Such new instruments, which have made the present estate of man possible, are the prehensile hand, language, self-consciousness. I look upon the new psychology that teaches that we must turn our vision within, that consciously attempts to correct the error there rather than always see it without, as a new method, a new instrument with which to attack the problem of living. It matters not that we have always been moving in this direction, the great new fact is that we are now beginning, for the first time, to do so *consciously*. The possibilities are endless and particularly at this wonderful time in the history of culture, when civilization has been tried to its utmost, is it important that the structure which shall be erected from the primitive foci which have been loosed, shall be a better one than has ever before been builded. To do this we need to be able to brush away the distortions wrought by our unconscious, to see through them all down to the very depths, to see the real problems and not waste our energies in tackling false substitutes. A realization of the mechanisms by which such distortions are produced, by which the mental machine may fall into error, will help us enormously to see clearly, will extend our field of conscious control. This is the true self-consciousness. "Open covenants openly arrived at" is quite as good medicine for the individual as for the State.



## SCEPTICISM AS A FREUDIAN "DEFENSE-REACTION"

(A PSYCHOANALYSIS OF BAZAROFF, THE HERO OF TURGENEV'S  
NOVEL, FATHERS AND SONS)

BY JACKSON EDMUND TOWNE, A.M.

The very incarnation of unbelief is Bazaroff, the hero of Ivan Turgenev's master novel *Fathers and Sons*: a man "who does not accept a single principle on faith, with whatever respect that principle may be envired."

*Fathers and Sons* was first published in 1861, and Turgenev originated the term "nihilist," from the Latin *nihil*, nothing, when he applied it to Bazaroff. The term quickly became a common one, and only in time became associated with the terms "anarchist" and "terrorist," a number of years before the now famous and considerably different term "bolshevist" had ever been used.

When *Fathers and Sons* first appeared in Russia the "fathers" were angry at Turgenev's diagnosis of their weakness, and the "sons" went into a rage at what they regarded a ridiculous burlesque of their ideas. All the Russian critics spouted at length, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the uproar caused in Russia by *Fathers and Sons* ceased only with the revolution of March, 1917.

The artistic value of the novel stands unquestioned to-day. Nine critics out of ten, of all countries, recognize it as Turgenev's masterpiece (and nearly nine critics out of ten, of all countries, now recognize Turgenev as one of the world's greatest novelists, ranking him with Balzac, Fielding, and Cervantes). For Professor Phelps, of Yale, *Fathers and Sons* "rises above a picture of Russian politics in the sixties, and remains forever an immortal work of art . . . the greatness of this book lies not in the use of the word 'nihilist,' nor in the reproduction of ephemeral political movements; its greatness consists in the fact that it faithfully portrays not merely the Russian character, nor the nineteenth century, but the very depths of the human heart as it has manifested itself in all ages and among all nations."

However, we are not concerned here with passing any critical judgment on *Fathers and Sons* or its author, but merely with the

attempt to show that Bazaroff's scepticism is largely the result of a Freudian "defense-reaction." Turgenev's marvellous grasp of the forces which motivate human character resulted in his writing in such a manner that it is diabolically easy for us to-day to subject Bazaroff to psychoanalysis.

The first "nihilist," we are told, was an only child. His parents are represented as devoted to him to the point of idolatry. The conditions of his life were such, then, that if he actually had lived he would very likely have suffered from an Œdipus-complex. And all unconsciously Turgenev has so written of his hero as to offer us well-nigh indisputable evidence that Bazaroff *did* suffer from an Œdipus-complex! On the night before Bazaroff fights a duel: "incoherent dreams tormented him all night long. . . . Madame Odintzoff hovered before him, but she was his mother, and a kitten with black whiskers followed him, and that kitten was Fenitchka; but Pavel Pterovitch presented himself to him as a huge forest, with which, nevertheless, he was compelled to fight."

When we consider that Madame Odintzoff was the woman Bazaroff loved, yet in his dream her image became supplanted by that of his mother, and that the dream is surely of a sexual nature because Fenitchka, a peasant woman with whom Bazaroff had philandered, also appears, we are fairly justified in claiming that Bazaroff suffers from an Œdipus-complex.

The mother of the first "nihilist" is represented as the very incarnation of superstitious credulity. "She was very devout and sentimental, she believed in all sorts of omens, divinations, spells, dreams, in evil encounters, in the evil eye, in popular remedies, in salt prepared in a special manner on Great Thursday, in the speedy end of the world; she believed that if the tapers did not go out at the Vigil Service at Easter the buckwheat would bear a heavy crop," etc.

Now we know that the consequences of an Œdipus-complex are either direct, and then we notice in the son strong resistances against the father and a typical affectionate and dependent attitude toward the mother; or the consequences are indirect, that is to say, compensated, and we notice, instead of the resistances toward the father, a typical submissiveness here, and an irritated antagonistic attitude toward the mother. And it is also possible that direct and compensated consequence may take place alternately.

Turgenev represents Bazaroff as at all times taking an unfilial attitude of indifference and positive contempt toward his devoted parents. This attitude would be more or less a natural one for a

man suffering from an Œdipus-complex; and it would be more or less natural that strong intellectual opposition would spring up within Bazaroff against those to whom all unknowingly he was so closely bound. That Bazaroff's mother, the incarnation of superstitious credulity, should have, despite her extreme affection for her son, turned him "nihilist," seems anything but un-natural to a Freudian.

Bazaroff is less intense in his opposition to his father than to his mother, but if anything he is more harshly outspoken to the former. Prince Kropotkin, in his *Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature*, while writing of *Fathers and Sons*, asks: "Why should a man of his (Bazaroff's) powers display such harshness towards his old parents: his loving mother and his father—the poor old village doctor who has retained, to old age, faith in science?" The Freudian has but little difficulty in answering Prince Kropotkin, and in testifying to Turgenev's truthful penetration in character analysis.

Let me cite further evidence to prove my contention that Bazaroff is a neurotic, suffering from an Œdipus-complex. Turgenev tells us that: "... love in the ideal, or, as he expressed it, the romantic sense, he (Bazaroff) called balderdash, unpardonable folly; he regarded chivalrous sentiments as a sort of deformity or malady."

And when Bazaroff returns the first time to his parents "at that bed where I was planted," he has difficulty in getting to sleep; and Turgenev tells us: "With widely opened eyes he stared angrily into the darkness: memories of his childhood had no dominion over him, and, moreover, he had not yet succeeded in detaching himself from his last bitter impressions." If "memories of his childhood" had no "dominion" over him, it would be, according to Freudians, because of a "defense-reaction" against the immorality of those memories, for they could hardly have been other than pleasant, reared as Bazaroff was by two extremely devoted parents. Bazaroff assures his friend Arkady that he never felt "bored" when he was a child. "I did not understand then that I was not bored, because I was a child."

When Bazaroff comes for the last time to his parents, the old country doctor is constantly obliged to keep restraining his wife "from all superfluous manifestations of tenderness," lest her son be angered. And in a short while Bazaroff falls into feelings of "dejected boredom and dull disquiet," typical feelings which prey upon neurotics.

With diabolical penetration and great irony, Turgenev depicts Bazaroff as well-nigh conscious of the cause of his own nihilism.

Speaking to his friend Arkady, Bazaroff remarks: "In general there are no principles—hast thou not discovered that yet? But there are sensations. Everything depends on them. . . . Take me, for example: I hold to the negative tendency,—by virtue of sensation. It is agreeable to me to deny my brain is constructed that way—and that's enough. Why do I like chemistry? Why dost thou like apples?—also by virtue of the sensation. All that is identical. Deeper than that, men will never penetrate. Not every one will tell thee that, and I shall not tell thee that again." If we will but substitute the word "libido" for Bazaroff's word "sensation," keeping ever in mind how any human "libido" may be more or less checked or warped by some fixated neurotic complex, then we at once take an entirely Freudian point of view!

Was Turgenev writing autobiographically when he drew Bazaroff? Not literally so. From Professor Phelps we learn that "Turgenev had once met a Russian provincial doctor, whose straightforward talk made a profound impression upon him. This man died soon after, and had a glorious resurrection in Bazaroff, speaking to thousands and thousands of people from his obscure and forgotten grave. . . . It is difficult to find out much of the original of Bazaroff. Haumant says Turgenev met him while travelling by the Rhine in 1860; but Turgenev himself said that the young doctor had died not long before 1860, and that the idea of the novel first came to him in August, 1860, while he was bathing on the Isle of Wight." Like Bazaroff, Turgenev could not get on with his mother. But Turgenev's mother was a very different creature from Bazaroff's! Madame Turgenev was as much an unbeliever as her son.

Nevertheless mother and son could never agree on social matters, for the mother was an uncompromising aristocrat. Turgenev always made much of Bazaroff's *democratic* sentiments. "Bazaroff," he wrote, "puts all the other personalities of my novel in the shade. He is honest, straightforward, and a democrat of the purest water, and you find no good qualities in him! The duel with Pavel Petrovitch is only introduced to show the intellectual emptiness of the elegant, noble knighthood; in fact I even exaggerated and made it ridiculous." And later on Turgenev wrote: "I entirely share Bazaroff's ideas. All of them, with the exception of his negation of art." And we must declare Turgenev to have been a neurotic; there is no other way for us to explain that tinge of melancholy which persists throughout the eight novels and thirty-five short stories of the great Russian writer.

## TRANSLATION

### SLEEP WALKING AND MOON WALKING

#### A MEDICO-LITERARY STUDY

BY DR. J. SADGER

VIENNA

TRANSLATED BY LOUISE BRINK

*(Continued from Vol. VII, page 70)*

Yet, although he shrinks back no longer from any sort of evil deed, he does so before the horrible pictures of his phantasies, the hallucinations of his unconscious. Here is where Shakespeare's genius enters. The Macbeth of the Chronicle commits throughout all his acts of horror apparently in cold blood. At least nothing to the contrary is reported. With Shakespeare on the other hand Macbeth, who is represented in the beginning as more ambitious than cruel, is pathologically tainted. From his youth on he suffered from frequent visions, which, for example, caused him to see before Duncan's murder an imaginary dagger. This "strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me," comes to light most vividly on the appearance of Banquo's ghost at the banquet. Lady Macbeth must use all her presence of mind to save at least the outward appearance. With friendly exhortation, yet with grim reproof and scornful word, she attempts to bring her husband to himself. In this last scene, when she interposes in Macbeth's behavior, she stands completely at the height. Not until the guests have departed does she grow slack in her replies. In truth neither her husband's resolution to wade on in blood nor his word that strange things haunt his brain can draw from her more than the response, "You lack the season of all natures, sleep." It seems as if she had collapsed exhausted after her tremendous psychical effort.

Shakespeare has in strange fashion told us nothing more of what goes on further in her soul, though he overmotivates everything else, even devotes whole scenes to this one purpose. We first see her again in the last act in the famous sleep walking scene. She



begins to walk in her sleep, falls ill with it one might well say, just on that day when Macbeth goes to war. Her lady in waiting saw her from this day on, at night, "rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep."—"A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching," the evidently keen sighted physician thinks. He soon has the opportunity to observe the Lady's sleep walking for himself. She comes, in her hand a lighted candle, which at her express command must be always burning near her bed. Her eyes are open as she walks, but their sense is shut. Then she rubs her hands together as if to wash them, which she does according to the statement of the lady in waiting, often continuously for a quarter of an hour.

Now they hear her speaking: "Yet here's a spot. Out damned spot! out, I say!—One, two, why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord! a soldier, and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?—The Thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.—Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!—Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale;—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.—To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed." After such appearances she always in fact goes promptly to bed. The physician who observes her pronounces his opinion: "This disease is beyond my practice. Yet have I known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds." Here however there seems to be something different:

"Four whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles."

And then as if he were a psychoanalyst:

"Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—  
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her."





herself become queen through a murder, falls ill just at that moment when her lord must go to the battlefield to defend his life and his crown. For not without reason the fate of Macduff's wife, who was slain when her husband had gone from her, occurs to her also when she, while wandering, speaks of the much blood which Duncan had. Therefore it seems likely, and is in fact generally believed, that Lady Macbeth becomes ill because of her anxiety for life and kingdom. Only the facts do not strictly agree with this. In the first place her husband's campaign is by no means unpromising. On the contrary he has heard from the witches that his end would be bound with apparently unfulfillable conditions, so unfulfillable that the prophecy at once frees him from all fear.

Having hidden nothing from the "partner of his greatness" he would scarcely conceal the promise of the witches, which increased his confidence to the uttermost. Besides it cannot be fear and anxiety which brings on her night wandering. Another current explanation also seems to me to have little ground. As Brandes has recently interpreted it, "The sleep walking scene shows in the most remarkable fashion how the pricking of an evil conscience, when it is dulled by day, is more keen at night and robs the guilty one of sleep and health." Now severe pangs of conscience may well disturb sleep, but they would hardly create sleep walking. Criminals are hardly noctambulists. Macbeth himself is an example how far stings of conscience and remorse can lead a sensitive man. He has no more rest after he has murdered the king and Banquo, yet he does not become a sleep walker. There must be another cause here which precipitates Lady Macbeth's sleep walking.

We will first examine the relation of husband and wife to one another in order to trace out this mystery. The character of Lady Macbeth has caused many a one in Germany to rack his brains since the time of Tieck. Up till that time she passed simply as *Megaera*, as an "arch witch," as Goethe calls her. This opinion prevailed not only in Germany but in the English motherland too. But this view went against the grain with the German spirit. Therefore Ludwig Tieck first looked upon Lady Macbeth as a tender, loving wife. From this time on there arose critics and even poets, who in the same way wished to wash her clean. I will cite the two most important, Friedrich Theodor Vischer and Rudolf Hans Bartsch. The former, of whom I explained earlier, that he did not hesitate to make an interpolation to prove his point, sums up his judgment in the following sentences: "It is not ambition

alone that moves her, but love which would see her lord become great" (p. 78). And in a second place, "She loved her husband and had sacrificed her conscience more for him than for herself" (p. 124). R. H. Bartsch goes much further in his romance, "Elisabeth Kött." Wigram says to the heroine, "Do you not feel how she (Lady Macbeth) before everything that she says cannot hitch horses enough to carry her slow and immovable lord along?" In the sleep walking scene "the utter crushing of this poor, overburdened heart burst forth in the torture of the dream wandering." At the close he pronounces his opinion: "If there is a poor weak woman upon earth, so it is this arch enchantress, who loves her husband so much that she has in admirable fashion studied all his faults and weaknesses that she may cover over the deficiencies with her trembling body. Seek the wife in her rôle!"

What truth is there in these viewpoints? The poet himself has been dead for three hundred years and has left behind him not a syllable concerning Lady Macbeth except in the text of the tragedy. Therefore according to my opinion nothing remains but to keep to this. At the most we can draw upon Holinshed's chronicle, which Shakespeare so frequently followed literally. According to this Lady Macbeth was extravagantly ambitious and when she continually urged Macbeth to murder Duncan, this was only because she "burned with an unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen." There is never a syllable of a feeling of love for her husband, or that she desired the crown only for his sake. This objection might be made here, that as Shakespeare has often gone beyond his source, as in creating the sleep walking scene without a model for it, so he might just as well have given characters to Lady Macbeth of which the source said nothing. Certainly that would be a priori conceivable. Only that must appear clearly from the text of the tragedy. Yet what does this say? Carefully as I have read its lines, I have not been able to find a single, actual uninterpolated word of love from Lady Macbeth. That is of double significance from the poet of "Romeo and Juliet." He who could give such language to love would not have completely denied it in "Macbeth," if Lady Macbeth was to have been a loving wife. One can find everything in her words, warning, entreaty and adjuration, upbraidings and threatenings, anger, yes, almost abuse, yet not one natural note of love.

This has a so much harsher effect since her husband approaches her usually as an actual lover, or more accurately stated up to the

murder of Banquo. She is warm only where it concerns the attainment of her goal; it is her ambition which demands satisfaction. She is always to her husband "my dearest partner of my greatness" as he once appropriately writes her. It is not to be considered that Shakespeare, who always overmotivates his situations, should have at the height of his power so obscured from recognition all the love impulses, which would have seemed to be decisive for her whole character. The truth is simply that Lady Macbeth is no loving wife, but merely greedy of fame, as already represented in the Chronicle. I suspect that the authors who all the way through see in her the loving spouse are expressing their own complexes, their own unconscious wishes. Such an one as Bartsch for example cannot think otherwise of a woman than as unfolding lovingly to the man.

Lady Macbeth makes upon me, in her relation toward her frequently wooing husband as it were, the impression of a *natura frigida*, that is a sexually cold woman. If one takes her own frightful word for it, that she could tear the breast from her own sucking child and dash its brains out, then the mother love seems never to have been strong within her, but rather whatever feeling she has possessed has been changed to passionate ambition. Now psychoanalytic experience teaches that when a woman remains sexually cold toward a sympathetic and potent man, this goes back to an early sealing up of affect with a forbidden, because an incest object. Such women have almost always from their tenderest infancy on loved father or brother above all and never through all their lives freed themselves from this early loved object. Though at puberty compelled to cut them off as sexual objects, yet they have held fast to them in the unconscious and become incapable of transferring to another man. It is possible also in the case of Lady Macbeth to think of such an insoluble bond. Moreover certain features in the sleep walking scene seem to speak directly of a repressed sexual life.

Lady Macbeth wanders at night, since her husband has left her and marital intercourse has been broken off.<sup>36</sup> In her hand is a lighted candle, which according to her express command must burn near her bed, and only now for the first time, otherwise the lady in waiting would not have laid such stress upon the fact. The candle in her hand, that is a feature which up till now we have met in none of our cases, but which, as a glance into literature teaches me, is by no means infrequently found with sleep walkers. It

<sup>36</sup> This is not without significance as a direct precipitating cause, although naturally not the true source of her night wandering.

can hardly be considered a mere accident that Shakespeare discovered just this characteristic, which is really atypical. One would be much more inclined to suspect in it a secret, hidden meaning. Then at once a connection forces itself. We know from the infantile history of so many people that a tenderly solicitous parent, the father or the mother, likes to convince himself or herself, with a candle in the hand, that the child is asleep.<sup>37</sup> Then we would have on one side a motive for sleep walking in general, that one is playing the part of the loving parent, as on the other hand that of the lighted candle. The latter has however a symbolic sexual sense, which is quite typical and is repeatedly and regularly found. The burning candle always stands for one thing and signifies in dreams as in fairy tales, folklore, and sagas without exception the same thing, an erect phallus. Now it becomes clear why Lady Macbeth, after her husband has gone to the war, has a lighted candle always burning near her bed, and why then she wanders around like a ghost with it at night.

The conclusion of the words she utters during her sleep walking contains a second unmistakably sexual relationship. Here she repeats not less than five times the demand upon her husband, "To bed," while in the corresponding murder scene (II, 2) it simply reads, "Retire we to our chamber; A little water clears us of this deed." The further repetition, "Come, come, come, come, give me your hand," sounds again infantile through and through. So one speaks to a child, scarcely to an adult. It seems as if she takes the father or the mother by the hand and bids them go to bed. One recognizes already in this passage that this atypical sleep walking of Lady Macbeth also leads naturally into the sexual and the infantile.

It will not be difficult to determine now toward whom the repressed, because strongly forbidden, sexual wishes of Lady Macbeth are directed. Who else could it be but her own father, the original love object of every little girl; what other person of her childhood, who later becomes an unsuitable sexual object, but yet hinders for all the future the transference of love over to the husband? This is the one who summons her to walk in her sleep, the lighted candle in her hand. It is quite an everyday experience, which holds for everyone, for the well as for every one who later becomes ill, that in reality the first love, which bears quite clearly features of sense pleasure, belongs to the earliest years of child-

<sup>37</sup> A second still more important motivation for the nightly visit I will discuss later.



hood, and that its objects are none other than the child's own parents and in the second place the brothers and sisters. Here the polar attraction of the sexes holds in the relation of the elder to the younger and vice versa, that is the attraction of the man to the woman and the woman to the man. It is "a natural tendency," says Freud<sup>38</sup> in the "Interpretation of Dreams," "for the father to indulge the little daughter, and for the mother to take the part of the sons, while both work earnestly for the education of the little ones when the magic of sex does not prejudice their judgment. The child is very well aware of any partiality, and resists that member of the parental couple who discourages it. . . . Thus the child obeys its own sexual impulse, and at the same time reinforces the feeling which proceeds from the parents, if it makes a selection among the parents that corresponds to theirs."

We will stop here at two factors which will occupy us again later, the being in love with the parent of the opposite sex, and then the resistance against the one of the same sex. Corresponding to the love, every child in the period of innocence wants to "marry" the former. I recall what a colleague told me of a dialogue between him and his little five year old daughter. She began, "I want to get married."—"To whom?"—"To you, Papa."—"I already have a wife."—"Then you would have two wives."—"That won't do."—"Very well, then I will choose a man who is as nice as you." And Freud relates (p. 219), "An eight year old girl of my acquaintance, when her mother is called from the table, takes advantage of the opportunity to proclaim herself her successor. 'Now I shall be Mamma; Charles, do you want some more vegetables? Have some, I beg you,' and so on. A particularly gifted and vivacious girl, not yet four years old, . . . says outright: 'Now mother can go away; then father must marry me and I shall be his wife.'"

We will add just one more little experience to give us a broader point of view. The interpretation of dreams, fairy tales and myths teaches us regularly that the phantasies of the child, like those of all peoples in their period, identify father with king or kaiser. Naturally then the father's wife becomes the queen. This fact of experience, which is always to be substantiated, can be applied to Lady Macbeth and makes her ambition at once transparent to us. I affirmed above that her lack of sexual feeling toward her husband had its origin in the fact that she had loved her father too much

<sup>38</sup> Freud: *The Interpretation of Dreams*, translated by A. A. Brill. The Macmillan Company, London, New York, 4th edition, p. 218.

and could not therefore free herself from him. Her sexuality had transformed itself into ambition and that, the ambition to be queen,<sup>39</sup> in other words, the father's wife. So could she hold fast to the infantile ideal and realize the forbidden incest. The intensity with which she pursues the ambition of her life is explained then by the glowing intensity of her sexual wishes.

With Shakespeare also king and father come together. A remark of Lady Macbeth shows that when she addresses herself to the murder of Duncan. "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't." This physical likeness signifies identity of individuals, as we know from many analogous examples. The king therefore resembles the father because he stands for her parent. Still one more point may be well explained from her father complex. The Chronicle speaks of the overweening ambition of Lady Macbeth. Now we know from neuropsychology that burning ambition in later years represents a reaction formation to infantile bed wetting. It is the rule with such children that they are placed upon the chamber at night by father or mother. Thus we comprehend from another side, with the so frequent identification with beloved persons, precisely why the lady wanders at night with a candle in her hand. Here again appears plainly the return to the infantile erotic.

Now for the grounds of her collapse. As long as Lady Macbeth is fighting only for the childish goal, she is an unshakable rock amid the storms of danger. She shrinks from no wrong and no crime that she may be queen at her husband's side. But she must gradually perceive that her husband will never win satisfaction, he will never recover from the king-father murder, her hopes will never be fulfilled and she will never live in quiet satisfaction at the side of her father. Then her power of endurance gives way until her very soul fails utterly. As she says on the occasion of the first disappointment after Duncan's death:

"Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content;  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy."

Now the unconscious, hitherto successfully repressed, avenges itself, now conscience awakes and as the husband leaves her completely

<sup>39</sup> Holinshed's chronicle lays emphasis upon this: "She . . . burned with an inextinguishable desire to bear the name of queen."

alone she begins to wander, that is to seek to return to the infantile ideal. In her wandering she herself plays the rôle of father, who once approached her with the lighted candle and then called to her, "Come, come, come, come, give me your hand!" and bade her go to bed.

Why however does not the ruthless Macbeth outlive the murder of the king as he does in the history? I believe that we must here go still further back than to the Chronicle, even to the creator of the tragedy himself. There is a certain important crisis in Shakespeare's life, where according to the biography by George Brandes "cheerfulness, the very joy of life, was extinguished in his soul. Heavy clouds gathered over his horizon, we now do not know just what their source. Gnawing griefs and disappointments gathered within him. We see his melancholy grow and extend itself; we can observe the changing effects of this melancholy without clearly recognizing its cause. Only we feel this, that the scene of action which he sees with the inner eye of the soul has now become as black as the external scene of which he makes use. A veil of phantasy has sunk down over both. He writes no more comedies but puts a succession of dark tragedies upon the stage, which lately echoed to the laughter of his Rosalinds and Beatrices."

This crisis came in the year 1601, when the earl of Essex and Lord Southampton, Shakespeare's special patron, were condemned to death because of treason against the life of the king. According to Brandes the depression over their fate must have been one of the original causes for the poet's beginning melancholy. Perhaps the death of Shakespeare's father, which followed some months later, made a more lasting impression with all the memories which it recalled. The dramas which the poet published about that time, *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, have a common theme, they all revolve about a father murder. In "*Julius Cæsar*," Brutus murders his fatherly friend, his mother's beloved ("And thou too, my son Brutus?"). *Hamlet* comes to shipwreck in his undertaking to avenge upon his uncle the father's murder, because the uncle, as Freud explains in his "*Interpretation of Dreams*," had at bottom done nothing else than *Hamlet* had wished in his childhood but had not had the self confidence to carry out. And *Macbeth* in the last analysis is ruined by the king and father murder, the results of which he can never overcome. We may consider this theme of the father murder, always presented in some new form, in the light of its direct precipitating causes, the actual death of Shakespeare's

father and Southampton's treason against the ruling power of the state. It is not difficult to accept that at that time the infantile death wishes against his father were newly awakened in our poet himself and were then projected externally in a series of powerful dramas.

Perhaps the reader, who has followed me more or less up to this point, will stop here indignant: "How could any one maintain that a genius like Shakespeare could have wished to murder his father, even if only in the phantasies of childhood? I can only reply to this apparently justified indignation that the assumption I here make concerning Shakespeare is fundamentally and universally human and is true with every male child. We go for proof to what we have earlier discovered, that the first inclination of every child, also already erotically colored, belongs to the parent of the opposite sex, the love of the girl to the father, the leaning of the boy to his mother, while the child sets himself against the parent of the same sex, who may be only justly concerned in his education without over indulging him. The child would be most delighted to "marry" the tender parent, as we heard above, and therefore feels that the other parent stands in the way as a disturbing rival. "If the little boy," says Freud in the "Interpretation of Dreams,"<sup>40</sup> "is allowed to sleep at his mother's side whenever his father goes on a journey, and if after his father's return he must go back to the nursery to a person whom he likes far less, the wish may be easily actuated that his father may always be absent, in order that he may keep his place next to his dear, beautiful mamma; and the father's death is obviously a means for the attainment of this wish; for the child's experience has taught him that 'dead' folks, like grandpa, for example, are always absent; they never return."

Yet how does the child reach such a depth of depravity as to wish his parents dead? We may answer "that the childish idea of 'being dead' has little else but the words in common with our own. The child knows nothing of the horrors of decay, of shivering in the cold grave, of the terror of the infinite Nothing. . . . Fear of death is strange to the child, therefore it plays with the horrible word. . . . Being dead means for the child, which has been spared the scenes of suffering previous to dying, the same as 'being gone,' not disturbing the survivors any more. The child does not distinguish the manner and means by which this absence is brought about, whether by traveling, estrangement or death. . . . If, then, the

<sup>40</sup> Freud, *l. c.*, p. 219.

child has motives for wishing the absence of another child, every restraint is lacking which would prevent it from clothing this wish in the form that the child may die."<sup>41</sup> It may be conjectured, if we apply this to Shakespeare, that also this greatest of all dramatists repeatedly during his childhood wished his father dead and that this appeared in consciousness agitating him afresh at the actual decease of the father and impelled him to those dramas which had the father murder as their theme. Moreover the father's calling, for he was not only a tanner but also a butcher, who stuck animals with a knife, may have influenced the form of his death wishes as well as of their later reappearances in the great dramas.

The evil thoughts against the father in the child psyche by no means exclude the fact that at the same time there are present with them tender impulses, feelings of warmest love. This is indeed the rule according to all experience and can be proved also with Shakespeare. This other side of his childish impulse leads for example to the powerful ambition which we find as a chief characteristic of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, as in truth of the poet himself. We know that when the latter was a boy his father became bankrupt. He had not only lost everything which he himself possessed, his wife's dowry and his position as alderman, but was also so deeply in debt at this time that he had to guard himself against arrest. Once more I let Brandes express it: "The object of Shakespeare's desire was not in the first place either the calling of a poet or fame as an actor, but wealth and that chiefly as a means for social advance. He took very much to heart his father's decline in material fortune and official respect. He held passionately to the purpose from his youth up to reestablish the name and the position of his family. . . . His father had not dared to go along the streets, fearing to be arrested for debt. He himself as a young man had been whipped at the command of the landowner and thrown into jail. The small town which had been the witness of these humiliations should be witness of the restoration of his honor. Where he had been spoken of as the actor and playwright of doubtful fame, there would he be seen again as the honored possessor of house and land. There and elsewhere should the people, who had counted him among the proletariat, learn to know him as a gentleman, that is as a member of the lesser nobility. . . . In the year 1596 his father, apparently at his instigation and with his support, entered a petition at Heralds College for the bestowal of a coat of arms. The grant-

<sup>41</sup> Freud, *l. c.*, pp. 215, 216.



ing of the coat of arms signified the ceremonial entry into the gentry." The ambition of the small child is to become as great as the father, and so later that of the man is to exalt the father himself, to make him king. One sees how close and how very personal the theme of ambition was to Shakespeare.

Before I go on to analyze further what the poet has woven into his treatment of "Macbeth" from his own purely personal experience, we must first consider a technical factor which is common to all dramatists. It has been discovered that Shakespeare projected his own complexes into his tragedies, complexes which are in no way simple, but which show, for example, close to the hatred even as great a love as well as other contrary elements. He is fond of separating his dramatic projection into two personalities wherever his feeling is an ambivalent one, these two forms standing in contrast to one another. He splits his ego into two persons, each of which corresponds to only one single emotional impulse. That is a discovery which of course was not made for the first time by psychoanalysis. Minor, for instance, writes in his book on Schiller: "Only in conjunction with Carlos does Posa represent Schiller's whole nature, the wild passion of the one is the expression of the sensual side, the noble exaltation of the other the stoical side of his nature. . . . Schiller has not drawn this figure from external nature; it has not come to him from without but he has taken it deep from his inner being." Otto Ludwig expresses himself similarly: "Goethe often separates a man into two poetic forms, Faust-Mephisto, Clavigo-Carlos."

It is plainly to be seen, if we apply our recognition of this fact to Shakespeare, that he has projected his ego affect into Macbeth as well as his wife, which gives numerous advantages. So far we have considered Lady Macbeth merely as a complete dramatic character, which she is first of all. Besides this nevertheless she surely corresponds to a splitting of Shakespeare's affect, for the poet incorporates in her his instincts for ruthless ambition. He has worked over the character already given her by the Chronicle for his own exculpation. It was stated previously that Macbeth in the first two acts is by no means the bloodthirsty tyrant of Holinshed and really stands far behind his wife in ambition. It is as if our poet, who plainly stands behind his hero, wished thereby to say, I am not capable of a father murder and would surely have put it off or not have accomplished it at all, if I had not been compelled by a woman's influence. Macbeth will go no further in the affair in spite of all

favorable outward circumstances, but it is Lady Macbeth who forces the deed to completion. The final cause of every father hatred is rivalry in regard to the mother and so it was she, represented by Lady Macbeth, who in his phantasy would have urged the infantile Shakespeare to put his father out of the way. Here branches out another path for the sleep walking. We have so far spoken only of the father who comes at night to the child, but now Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, seems also to represent Shakespeare's mother, who with the candle in her hand convinces herself that her darling child is sleeping soundly.<sup>42</sup>

It need not seem strange that I give a number of interpretations apparently so fundamentally different for one and the same thing. There is nothing on earth more complicated than psychical things, among which poetic creation belongs. Psychical phenomena are according to all experience never simply built up nor simply grounded but always brought together in manifold form. Whoever presses deeply into them discovers behind every psychic manifestation without exception an abundance of relationships and overdeterminations. We are accustomed in the natural sciences to simple motivation, on the one side cause, on the other effect. In the psychical life it is quite otherwise. Only a superficial psychology is satisfied with single causes. So manifold a chain of circumstances, those that lie near at hand and those more remotely connected, come into play in most, yes, apparently in all cases, that one scarcely has the right to assert that a psychic phenomenon has been completely explained. Dream analysis at once proves this. One can almost always rightfully take it for granted that several, indeed manifold interpretations are correct. It is best to think of a stratified structure. In the most superficial layer lies the most obvious explanation, in the second a somewhat more hidden one, and in yet deeper strata broader and more remote relationships and all have their part more or less in the manifested phenomenon. This latter is more or less well motivated.

<sup>42</sup> Going back into Shakespeare's own life gives further illumination and foundation for Lady Macbeth's behavior in the sleep walking scene. The reader may already have secretly thought that those little tendernesses on the part of ordinary parents hardly enter into consideration in the case of a thane's daughter. It may be said in answer to this that Shakespeare often, as in the presentation of ancient scenes, put without scruple the environment of his own time in place of the historical setting. And according to the above he would be quite likely to utilize with Lady Macbeth recollections from the Stratford childhood.

We turn now back to Shakespeare and observe the great depression under which he labored just at the time when he created his greatest tragedies. Does it seem too presumptuous to conceive that one so shaken and dejected psychically should have slept badly and even possibly—we know so little of his life—walked in his sleep? The poet always hastened to repress<sup>48</sup> whatever personal revelations threatened to press through too plainly, as we know from many proofs. The poverty of motivation quite unusual with Shakespeare, just at the critical point of the sleep walking, seems to me to score for such a repression. We might perhaps say that the fact that the poet has introduced to such slight extent the wandering of Lady Macbeth, has given it so little connection with what went before, is due simply to this, that all sorts of most personal relationships were too much involved to allow him to be more explicit. See

<sup>48</sup> Otto Rank in his book, "Das Inzest-Motiv in Dichtung und Sage," furnishes a beautiful and convincing example of such repression: It comes from a second drama based on a king's murder, "Julius Cæsar." I quote from the author's words: "A heightened significance and at the same time an incontrovertible conclusiveness is given to our whole conception and interpretation of the son relationship of Brutus to Cæsar by the circumstance that in the historical source, which Shakespeare evidently used and which he followed almost word for word, namely in Plutarch, it is shown that Cæsar considered Brutus his illegitimate son. In this sense Cæsar's outcry, which has become a catch-word, may be understood, which he may have uttered again and again when he saw Brutus pressing upon his body with drawn sword, 'And you too my son Brutus?' With Shakespeare the wounded Cæsar merely calls out, 'Et tu Brute! Then fall, Cæsar!' Shakespeare has set aside this son relationship of Brutus to Cæsar, though doubtless known to the poet, in his working out of the traditional sources. Not only is there deep psychical ground for the modifications to which the poet subjects the historical and traditional circumstances and characters or the conceptions of his predecessor, but also for the omissions from the sources. These originate from the repressive tendency toward the exposure of impulses which work painfully and which are restrained as a result of the repression, and this was doubtless the case with Shakespeare in regard to his strongly affective father complex." Rank has in the same work demonstrated that this father complex runs through all of Shakespeare's dramatic work, from his first work, "Titus Andronicus," down to his very last tragedy. I cannot go into detail on this important point for my task here is merely to explain Lady Macbeth's sleep walking, but any one who is interested may find overwhelming abundance of evidence in Rank's book on incest (Chapter 6). It is not only that I have introduced Shakespeare's strong father complex here to make comprehensible Lady Macbeth's sleep walking, but his own chief complex stood affectively in the foreground, and was worked out, at the same time, as Macbeth.

how Lady Macbeth comforted Macbeth directly after the frightful deed, the king and father murder:

"Consider it not so deeply.

These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad."

This must have referred to Shakespeare as much as to his hero. Moreover the writing and sealing of the letter at the beginning of the sleep walking described by the lady in waiting seems as if Lady Macbeth had a secret, a confession to make—in the name of the poet. I think also at the end, when the everlasting brooding over her deed drives her to suicide, she dies as a substitute for her intellectual creator, for his own self punishment.<sup>44</sup>

There remain yet only one or two points to be touched upon and explained. No discussion is needed for the fact that an outspoken sadistic nature in Lady Macbeth leads her to walk in her sleep, indeed, disposes her to it. We can easily understand also that this breaks forth just at the moment when her husband sets out, that is, translated into the infantile, when Macbeth, or in the deeper layer her own father, dies. It is much more necessary to explain why immediately after the deed she has no scruples in staining the chamberlains with Duncan's blood and takes the affair so lightly, while later she is never rid of the fear of the blood and is always striving in vain to wash her hands clean. Here it must be again recalled that Lady Macbeth on the one hand represents the actual wife of Macbeth, on the other hand the poet himself and in two epochs of his life; Shakespeare first in his unrestrained striving and then when he is brought low, shaken in his very depths by the death of his father. Murder phantasies toward his father came to him as a boy and then as a youth at the beginning of puberty, and yet at neither time was he ill. The more mature man however, borne down more heavily by life, met by the actual death of his father, broke down under the weight of things. This explains in the last analysis the change in the attitude of Lady Macbeth.

I do not know how far the reader is willing to follow me. Yet one thing I believe I have proved, that also in Lady Macbeth's sleep walking the erotic is not wanting nor the regression into the infantile.

<sup>44</sup> I also recall that it is in fact she who expresses Duncan's character as father, "Had he not so resembled my father. . . ."

## CONCLUSION AND RESUMÉ

If now at the close of this book we bring together all our material, we may with certainty or with the highest probability speak of sleep walking and moon walking as follows:

1. Sleep walking under or without the influence of the moon represents a motor outbreak of the unconscious and serves, like the dream, the fulfilment of secret, forbidden wishes, first of the present, behind which however infantile wishes regularly hide. Both prove themselves in all the cases analyzed more or less completely as of a sexual erotic nature.

2. Also those wishes which present themselves without disguise are mostly of the same nature. The leading wish may be claimed to be that the sleep walker, male or female, would climb into bed with the loved object as in childhood, which both the folk and the poet well know. The love object need not belong necessarily to the present, it can much more likely be one of earliest childhood.

3. Not infrequently the sleep walker identifies himself with the beloved person, sometimes even puts on his clothes, linen or outer garments, or imitates his manner to the life.

4. Sleep walking can also have an infantile prototype, when the child pretends to be asleep in order that it may be able, without fear of punishment, to experience all sorts of forbidden things, that is of a sexual nature, because it cannot be held accountable for that which it does "unconsciously, in its sleep." The same motive of not being held accountable actuates the adult sleep walker, who will satisfy his sexual desires, yet without incurring guilt in so doing. The same cause works also psychically, when sleep walking occurs mostly in the very deepest sleep, even if organic causes are likewise responsible for it.

5. The motor outbreak during sleep, which drives one from rest in bed and results in sleep walking and wandering under the light of the moon, may be referred to this, that all sleep walkers exhibit a heightened muscular irritability and muscle erotic, the endogenous excitement of which can compensate for the giving up of the rest in bed. In accordance with this these phenomena are especially frequent in the offspring of alcoholics, epileptics, sadists and hysterics with preponderating involvement of the motor apparatus.

6. Sleep walking and moon walking are in themselves as little symptoms of hysteria as of epilepsy. Yet they are found frequently in conjunction with the former.



7. The influence of the moon in this moon affectivity is very little known, especially in its psychic overdetermination. Yet there is little doubt that the moon's light is reminiscent of the light in the hand of a beloved parent, who every night came in loving solicitude to assure himself or herself of the child's sleep. Nothing so promptly wakes the sleep walker as the calling of his name, which accords with his being spoken to as a child by the parent. Fixed gazing upon the planet also has probably an erotic coloring like the staring of the hypnotizer to secure hypnosis. Other psychic overdeterminations appear merely to fit individual cases. It is possible finally that there actually exists a special power of attraction in the moon, which may expressly force the moon walker out of his bed and entice him to longer walks, but on this point we have no scientific hypotheses.

8. Furthermore it seems possible that sleep walking and moon walking may be permanently cured through Freud's psychoanalytic method.

I know very well that this explanation which I give here, offers only the first beginning of an understanding. It will be the task of a future, which we hope is not too far distant, to comprehend fully these puzzling phenomena.

## ABSTRACTS

### IMAGO

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ABSTRACTED BY LOUISE BRINK, A.B.

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1. Dante's Unconscious Mental Life. Memories and Impressions from His Childhood. ALICE SPERBER.
2. The History of the Miner of Falun, especially by E. T. A. Hoffmann, Richard Wagner, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. E. F. LORENZ.

1. *Dante's Unconscious Mental Life.*—This study is an attempt to supplement the knowledge of the poet obtained from external sources by that which can be learned psychoanalytically from his works. It is based upon the assumption that a man's fate in love is in part conditioned by childhood experiences. Dante's love to Beatrice is the first subject of investigation. He tells us in the *Vita Nuova* that he first saw her when he was at the end, she at the beginning of the ninth year. The passionate yet self-denying love which he felt for her continued beyond her death, which occurred when she was about twenty-five, and throughout his own life. Whether he relates trivial details concerning her or important events, his feeling toward her is that toward a perfect ideal, an angel in human form dispensing blessings upon all about her and before whom pride and anger disappear. Dante hides from her his adoration, his happiness consisting merely in honoring her. He seeks consolation upon her death at the hands of another woman but Beatrice's love conquers and he gives the promise of the honor he will do her in his later work, the *Divine Comedy*.

Sperber is not concerned with the question of the historical identity of Beatrice or the actual facts of her life. Her interest is rather in the hold that the thought of Beatrice had in Dante's soul and his lifelong desire to honor her. Dante's own criticism of expression of his later feeling toward the *Vita Nuova*, that he was ashamed of the book, quoted by Boccaccio, might be taken as the admission by so reserved a man as he was that he had revealed too much of himself in it, that he

had set before the world the dearest and tenderest feelings of his earlier days. On the other hand, the personal factor in the *Vita Nuova* is not underestimated if it is also accepted as a book in which truth and poetry are combined.

The Beatrice of this earlier work differs much from the one of the *Divine Comedy*. In the former she represents unusual gentleness, but in the *Divine Comedy* there is in her an unmistakable sternness. With harsh words she rouses the poet to repentance for his sinful life and for his past love to other women, that he may be worthy to look upon Paradise in her company. Furthermore the later Beatrice is constantly solicitous of him while the gentle Beatrice whom the poet loved in his youth rarely paid him any attention. The later Beatrice, learning of Dante's sins and conflicts and moved with pity, descends into hell to pray Virgil to lead the poet through hell and purgatory that he may be saved by witnessing the fearful punishments there given to sinners, and then she herself leads him purified through Paradise so that he may know the eternal blessedness and reward of the righteous. Both she and Virgil occupy the place of instructors to Dante, teaching him in scholastic manner of things earthly and above the earth. Many of the gentle characteristics of the earlier Beatrice are also apparent here.

And yet there is a great change in the position of Beatrice in the poet's phantasy. Dante in the *Divine Comedy* reaches the place in his journey where the pagan Virgil must leave him, and here Beatrice appears sent down from heaven to lead him further. Dante bursts into tears at Virgil's departure and Beatrice reproves him with sternness and with majesty. The same characteristics in her attitude toward the poet he represents elsewhere also as well as the tenderness of a mother. When they together await the triumphant host of Christ she shields him as a bird its nest. Michele Scherillo has shown that Dante has here created a testimonial to his mother, and doubtless he has in the character here given to Beatrice commemorated the qualities of sternness and austerity and the instructor's tendency which belonged to the mother authority.

The poet's love was full of pain and deprivation, had in a sense compromised with fate, a characteristic of the unsuccessful lover. Then by the law of regression he dreams of himself as back in the youthful days and unites the picture of the mother with that of the loved object. A number of questions at once present themselves as to whether the pictures thus given of Dante's mother refer actually to the mother Bella, who died early; whether there is any memorial in the lines to his father which psychoanalysis may discover; and whether there is reference to Lapa Ciuliffi, who became his stepmother when he was thirteen. Also is there contained in the *Vita Nuova* some of the change in attitude toward Beatrice which is manifest in the later work? The impression breaks through Dante's endeavor to picture his pain over the reproof of the

beloved that he at the same time experienced a certain satisfaction in being humiliated by Beatrice. The scene is spread through two cantos, in which she chides him severely so that the angels comfort him with sweet songs. Beatrice continues to picture to the heavenly hosts his sins, insisting that the punishment must be equally severe. He had forgotten her for other women so soon as she had left the earthly sphere where she had formerly been his guiding star.

I stood, as children silent and ashamed  
Stand, listening, with their eyes upon the earth,  
Acknowledging their fault and self-condemned.

So intense is his shame that the poet has represented himself as unable to look upon Beatrice until he has been purged in the waters of Lethe. This manifests the masochistic tendency which delights to humble itself toward the beloved person. Already in the *Vita Nuova* he relates how Beatrice had denied him greeting on account of some gossip. After describing his griefs and despair he adds: "And with the words 'Oh love, help thy true one,' I fell asleep like a child who has been beaten and falls asleep weeping." He tells also in the *Vita Nuova* of his repeated brooding and phantasies concerning the death of his beloved, due probably to his early experience with the death of his mother. But they have a fascination which psychoanalysis shows lies even deeper than this in the tendency of such an interest to invade poetry. In a vision he sees Beatrice dead and among the angels and carried in the arms of Amore, who gives her Dante's glowing heart to eat.

Psychoanalysis has revealed that beside the masochistic feelings aroused in the child by the restraint exercised by parents or their substitutes, there are also feelings and thoughts of revenge and death from the disillusionment such restraining and repression have caused. Though these are in the unconscious they appear in the form of dreams or visionary states and they repeat themselves in later life when the coldness of the loved object gives occasion. Thus the reactions to the mother, his first instructress, whom he represents as stern, are carried over to his guide whom he has later chosen. These phantasies of death can only appear however as apprehensions of death, a care for the loved one. The anxiety is also a punishment for the childish vengeful thoughts. Very important in the poet's thought and conviction are also the painfully sweet thoughts likewise associated with the death phantasies, accentuated by his Christian belief that he would meet Beatrice again in heaven before God's throne, as the child is taught he will meet his mother there if he has been good and obedient. Dante shows the same process of exaltation of woman even in an age when her position was vastly inferior, because of the importance to the child of the mother love, which is revealed in other literary productions of that period.

A characteristic detail of importance in psychoanalytic research is Dante's use of the number nine. He first sees Beatrice when she is at the beginning of her ninth year when he has nearly completed his ninth year. Her first greeting to him occurred in her eighteenth year at the ninth hour, so that his visions of her often take place about this time. Her death takes place, according to Dante, on the ninth day of the month and according to the Syrian reckoning in the ninth month of the year. Moreover the year was that according to Christian reckoning in which the completed number of the years of our Lord had been multiplied nine times. Dante explains the association of this number with her on the Ptolemaic and Christian theory that there are nine heavens which exercise an influence upon earth and at her birth all these nine heavens stood above at her service. Dante further says that this number was she herself figuratively in a parable, which he explains by saying that three is the root of nine because it gives nine when multiplied by itself alone. If therefore three can produce nine from itself alone, and He who is the source of wonder in Himself is three in one, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, then that lady was attended by the number nine because she is a nine, that is a wonder, whose root is alone the wonderful Trinity. Sperber explains this symbolic use of the number on the part of the poet by the unconscious association of the number nine with the nine months of pregnancy, which lies behind Dante's conscious and secondary form of interpretation. His phrase "She was a Nine" means she appears to me as the woman who was pregnant with me. Dante's infantile attitude toward Beatrice appears in both the *Divine Comedy* and, though in a lesser degree, in the *Vita Nuova*. In the earlier work, however, the poet has not represented Beatrice individually enough to determine the childhood attitude toward the mother. His ideas of her may have been influenced through the stepmother and through experience with other women who more or less took her place in his childhood, servants, kind friends and the like.

Only once is the mother directly mentioned in Dante's works. He meets Filippo Argenti among the tortured, an enemy of Dante and notoriously of violent temper, and prevents him from obtaining relief from his agonies. Thereupon Virgil embraces Dante and praises the mother who conceived him. The writer thinks that Virgil's form of response at just this juncture testifies that the poet considered his proud, unbending disposition, averse to every compromise, as an inheritance from his mother. The poet's picturing of Beatrice seems to support this. She appears to Dante harsh "as the mother to the son" and does not easily forgive the sinner. The angels comfort him, but she, more severe than they, insists upon the punishment which he has deserved for his wrong doing. Perhaps Dante also had seen in his mother a woman of proud mien and invincible love of justice who could only with difficulty forget a wrong or an injury—and believed that his desire for revenge



was inherited from her, as is the case with other men as strong in love or in anger as he was. The inner loyalty to truth, which Dante so markedly possessed, would be one of the virtues he would attribute to his mother ideal and he makes Beatrice extol such virtue:

Take then no vow at random: ta'en, with faith  
 Preserve it; . . .  
 . . . Be ye more staid,  
 O Christians! not like feather, by each wind  
 Removable; nor think to cleanse yourselves  
 In every water. . . .  
 . . . Be not, as the lamb,  
 That, fickle wanton, leaves its mother's milk,  
 To dally with itself in idle play. Par. Can. V.

And here again the infantile feeling toward the mother seems to thrust itself through.

Dante attributes to Beatrice certain characteristics which are ordinarily denied to women when, as she stands upon the mystic wagon, he compares her to a man, even an admiral commanding his men with energy. Psychoanalysis would believe that when we here find characteristics so emphasized contrary to convention we deal with attributes preserved by phantasy from the earliest childhood. Have we here the child's picture of the mother managing her household with masculine energy?

In contrast to this stern attitude stands the gentle Matilda through whose ministrations Dante receives the cleansing baptism in the Lethean stream and again the renewing bath in the waters of Eunoe, which makes his good deeds live again in his memory. Here we have an analogy to the birth phantasy which appears in so many sagas and tales and in so many dreams. The tender characteristics attributed to Matilda may have also been remembered from the same mother or from some later surrogate of her or they may have lived as wish only in the child's phantasy. Dante gives expression to the double attitude of the child to the parent, which is so important in the development of the child. It does not alter the psychological fact that Matilda may have been an actual historical person and that she may have represented some other woman who played a mother's rôle beside the real mother or step-mother. Or she may only stand for the other of the two sides of the same nature. Possibly she represents the Beatrice of the Vita Nuova and so both the earthly and the heavenly paradise are expressed symbolically in the beloved.

Sperber finds also in the dreams and visions which Dante relates in his work, although but few associations and few facts of his life are available for aids in interpretation. She chooses for study a dream from the Divine Comedy. Dante spends the night with Virgil and the poet

Sordello in the valley where the great ones of the earth who have repented only at the last hour must wait until they are admitted to expiation in Purgatory. Illuminating grace in the form of Lucia had come while the poet slept, and carried him on his journey, thus speeding him over some of the difficulties of the way, which he thus in part escapes. On waking where she had again laid him down, Dante relates this dream to Virgil:

Then, in a vision, did I seem to view  
 A golden-feather'd eagle in the sky,  
 With open wings, and hovering for descent;  
 And I was in that place, methought, from whence  
 Young Ganymede, from his associates 'reft,  
 Was snatch'd aloft to the high consistory.  
 "Perhaps," thought I within me, "there alone  
 He strikes his quarry, and elsewhere disdains  
 To pounce upon the prey." Therewith, it seem'd,  
 A little wheeling in his aëry tour,  
 Terrible as the lightning, rush'd he down,  
 And snatch'd me upward even to the fire.  
 There both, I thought, the eagle and myself  
 Did burn; and so intense the imagined flames,  
 That needs my sleep was broken off. As erst  
 Achilles shook himself, and round him roll'd  
 His waken'd eyeballs, wondering where he was,  
 When as his mother had from Chiron fled  
 To Scyros, with him sleeping in her arms;  
 E'en thus I shook me, soon as from my face  
 The slumber parted, turning deadly pale,  
 Like one ice-struck with dread.

Sperber turns from Dante's own allegorical interpretation of the dream to the deeper psychoanalytical consideration of it. This pertains to the latent thoughts which, she reminds us, are found hidden even from the dreamer himself and which, according to Freud, represent wishes denied by reality and under repression, of an infantile and in the widest sense of a sexual nature. There is no concealment here of the fact that Dante himself is the subject of the dream. The poet chooses for comparison the youthful Ganymede and on awaking compared himself to Achilles. Ganymede's mother was of more than human rank, a nymph, and Achilles' mother was a goddess. These heroes are also renowned for their beauty, a plain fulfilment again of a wish probably out of the poet's child life, an ordinary child wish strengthened in Dante's soul with its thirst for beauty and its striving for harmony. He would also have the usual child's wish to outshine another, in his case the sister of whom he speaks in the Vita Nuova as "she who was related to me

through the closest ties of blood" and who sat weeping at his bedside with him as he mourned Beatrice's death. He speaks of her elsewhere as "a young compassionate woman, richly adorned with human graces" and with him when he thus longed for death himself.

In regard to the symbolism of the dream, Dante himself identifies the eagle with Lucia, the spokesman for Beatrice, but his comparison of Lucia also with Thetis, who carried Achilles in her arms as Lucia had borne Dante in his sleep, shows that Lucia is also the symbol of the mother love. According to Freud this is symbolized also by Leonardo da Vinci as a bird of prey. Dante elsewhere uses the eagle as the symbol of worldly power, which would also be fitting as a sign of imposing maternal authority which he so often expresses. He further places Beatrice even above an eagle because she is able to look into the sun, a power which is likewise through her imparted to Dante. (Par. Canto I.) St. Augustine has said that any young eagle which could look steadily into the sun is recognized as the son of the eagle but the eaglet the eyes of which tremble is dropped from the claws, a passage which Dante probably knew. The eagle may also be a symbol of the highest father authority as that of God, and the unconscious idea association would be "God-Zeus snatches away Dante-Ganymede." The poet's representation of the woman in the eagle's form expresses the wish that his mother would return from heaven to take her son to himself. Moreover Achilles met with an early death and was carried by his mother to an island in the Black Sea which has been called the Isle of the Blessed, a tradition which may have influenced Dante's thought. The eagle carries Dante as far up as to the fire, where he is wakened by the intensity of the flames, the fire being a frequent dream symbolism for sexual desire. That this should be directed toward the mother is also common enough but this forbidden wish also forms naturally the waking point of the dream, at the intervention of the censor.

There both, I thought, the eagle and myself  
Did burn; and so intense the imaged flames,  
That needs my sleep was broken off.

The seizure of Ganymede by Zeus has in a high degree a homosexual character and Achilles also is famed for his homosexual tendencies. The erotic element in his relations to Troilus were noted by a commentator upon the Eneid in the fourth century and Statius, another writer held in honor by Dante, also makes reference to this characteristic of Achilles. The dream may admit such an element into it along with those already found, just as the homosexual element exists to some extent in every life. One occasion for its stronger development in a life is the presence in the mother of a greater masculine character which will dispose the adult male later to respond sexually to those objects who pos-

sess these characteristics once known in the mother. Dante's comparison of Beatrice with an admiral as well as his devotion to Virgil show that these homosexual tendencies were strongly developed in him.

Then towards Virgil I  
Turn'd me to leftward; panting, like a babe,  
That flees for refuge to his mother's breast.  
Purg. Cant. XXX.

And again

Suddenly my guide  
Caught me, even as a mother that from sleep  
Is by the noise aroused, and near her sees  
The climbing fires, who snatches up her babe  
And flies ne'er pausing.

Virgil is moreover the ideal picture of the father and teacher and also tenderly caring for his ward, "Carrying me in his bosom, as his child, Not a companion." He comforts Dante when the courage of the latter is gone, teaches him, scolds him sometimes and forgives him when he is penitent. The reason given, that Virgil is a pagan, could not have been sufficient to make his banishment necessary, as soon as Beatrice appears, even from the baptism ceremony through which Dante is to pass. Dante must remove from his presence this image of his father, who is the rival of his love, as soon as the mother object of his love appears. His grief at the parting merely reveals the ambivalent attitude of the son to the father. So far as may be known Dante's actual father was not such as to inspire feelings of great respect but dreams have taught us how in the unconscious we endow fathers and mothers with the noble qualities of kings and queens. So Dante's nobleness of soul may have created for him such a father picture as this. Moreover the actual father memories would have been influenced by many factors, perhaps through his friend Brunetto Latini, "the dear, benign, paternal image." (Hell XV.) Moreover the weakness, which it would seem was a characteristic of the real father, may have appeared to Dante as gentleness. Virgil does also manifest traits of sternness and harshness, like those attributed to Beatrice, which have been variously explained. Yet the fact remains, the writer says, that Dante represents the mother ideal in masculine images and comparisons and feels toward Virgil as a child toward its mother. He may also have been influenced partly unconsciously by Virgil's reference to homosexuality in the fifth Eclogue. Dante's attitude toward these parent representations would mean that in his early childhood he had probably received impressions from his father of a feminine character and from his mother and perhaps his stepmother of a masculine character.

At any rate he was probably taught of the severe punishments of the wicked and the rewards of the good. The strongly sadistic interest

of children in punishment, evident, for example, when they are playing school with one another, seems to have been strongly developed with Dante. Probably, as Sperber suggests, the ability to utilize this impulse in his immortal creation saved Dante from being one of the most violent of men. Instead he has represented with the greatest minuteness the most torturing punishments of the damned. There is the opposite masochistic trait also of extracting pleasure from his own suffering in the presence of Beatrice. This is associated with the sadistic impulse.

Attention is called in conclusion to the great significance which the parent complex had upon Dante's mental and artistic development. His life and his work show a composite of bold insubordination and submissive obedience, of marvelous original thinking and slavish following of authority. He uttered his invectives against the papacy and yet was a most loyal son of the church. He had the power to touch all hearts with his poetry and yet remained bound to a cold scholastic formalism. He boldly discussed scientific problems as a pioneer in his own language instead of Latin and took up most intelligently the difficult question of the Italian literary language and yet maintained a dependence upon the authority of Aristotle and the Bible. Petrarch, whose relationship to his father was not an amicable one, had dared to defy the authority of Aristotle as the ultimate word for science. Dante however still showed his reliance upon the father, exemplified in his attitude toward authority. Dante says in the *Vita Nuova* that there is no close friendship like that which binds a good child to his father. Perhaps the conflict in Dante's mind between his reverence for his father's authority and the recognition of his father's inferior character may have determined, through a vacillation between faith and doubt, recognition and rejection, the conflict between the intellectual flights of the bold thinker and his submission to traditional authority. This faith in authority and his piety had probably also as their root the child's longing to be reunited with the mother he had lost. The church stood to this large-minded, proud man as the guardian of this principle of authority which promised him healing for his childhood's pain. Doubtless the early loss of his mother determined in part his poetic production. His childhood longing for her directed his dreams to the other world and led him to impart these phantasies to other men and, as Sperber says, "if a glorious fate was accorded Beatrice because Dante resolved to tell of her what was never yet told of another, yet she shares this honor with Madonna Bella, for she also has become exalted beyond all the women of earth."

2. *The History of the Miner of Falun*.—Lorenz bases his psychological study upon a theme evidently because of its psychical significance drawn from an actual strange occurrence, but which has made an appeal to a number of writers. In an excavation in a copper mine at Falun, Sweden, in December, 1719, there came to light the body of a man in a striking state of preservation. His features were recognized by another



miner who remembered the name of the unfortunate man, his place of residence and in whose employ he had been. The miner recalled that this man had gone alone into the mine in the fall of 1670, had afterward been missed and it was believed that he had lost his life through the caving in of the earth. Two other miners added their weight to this testimony. Then appeared an old woman to whom this unfortunate man had been engaged and begged for his body. Others also came forward and attested to his identity. Such is the story as preserved in a certain Upsala publication and in other sources, one of which recounts the contention between the woman and the medical faculty, which finally ended with her yielding the body to them for a consideration in money. G. H. v. Schubert has also discussed the affair in his "Ansichten von der Nachtseite der Naturwissenschaft" ("Views from the Night Side of Natural Science"). He comments on the preservation of the human body in copperas and gypsum solution and dwells upon the touching recognition by the faithful loved one. The body is here thought of as completely preserved and the number of people to recognize it is reduced to one. J. P. Hebel in 1810 was the first in his story "Unverhofftes Wiedersehen" ("Unhoped for Reunion") to enlarge imaginatively upon the man's former history. He pictures the unfortunate man as giving his bride, on parting with her shortly before the wedding, a neck cloth to be hemmed. It is only the further elaboration of the previous history of the man which is of interest for Lorenz's study, therefore he passes over other use of the story made by certain writers. A number of these have occupied themselves with the theme of the discovery and recognition of the body.

Achim von Arnim introduced a new and very important motive in his poem entitled "Des Bergmanns ewige Jugend" ("The Miner's Eternal Youth"). He relates the discovery by a happy, light-hearted youth of a mountain queen, whose love and riches he wins, but when he engages himself to an earthly maiden the doors to her realm are closed to him. Attempting to find the way thither without the help and light from the queen he falls into the depths—he had first approached the secret under world through a spring—and dies. Then, with sighs for his lost beauty, she lays him in a grave of gold to preserve him from decay, the last sad rite of love. While this poem continues the story of his rediscovery and recognition by his bride after fifty years, its interest for Lorenz lies in the fact that it attributes a motive to his imprisonment in the earth, namely, that he was punished for being untrue to some power dwelling within the mountain.

E. T. A. Hoffmann followed this treatment of the theme in his story "Die Bergwerke zu Falun" ("The Mine at Falun"). Elis Froebom returns from following the sea to find his mother dead. Cast down and separating himself from all his companions he is accosted by an old miner, Tortern, who prevails upon him to join himself to this work of

mining. Elis at first is repelled by the thought of a life underground but is won by the glowing picture which the old miner paints of the enchanted beauty of the underground world. The sense of enchantment seizes Elis as he listens. "And yet it was again as if the old man had unlocked for him a new unknown world, in which he belonged, and as if all the charm of this world had come to him in his earliest boyhood in strange and mysterious anticipation." In Falun he attends a party at the house of the alderman Pehrson Dahlsjoe, whose daughter Ulla appears to him to be the form he saw in a dream reaching to him a saving hand. This dream had occurred the night after his talk with the miner and was filled both with longing and with horror. After this he lives a happy life, sustained in his work as a miner by the thought of the maiden above ground whom he loves, when the old man appears to him one day warning him threateningly against this love. Elis suffers during his distraction a hallucination in which he believes himself embraced by the queen of the mountain. Later he is released from an anxiety about his earthly bride who had been represented as destined for another, but in the midst of his happiness he is overcome by an indescribable fear that one of the mountain people might appear suddenly and astonish the maiden's father. He tried to tell Ulla, who urged him to explain the cause of his anxiety, about the vision he had had, but some mysterious power closed his mouth and he seemed to see the countenance of the queen, hear her name, and everything seemed turned to stone. The glory he had seen below seemed to him now a hell of torture. His friends kept him for a while above ground while Ulla's love drove away these tortures. But as soon as he descended once more into the mine the glories of the underworld were again before him. He seemed to lead a divided existence, half of him with Ulla, but his better, his real self seemed to be in the center of the earth. His mind was confused, his speech stumbled, bringing in the wonders of that world below and his phantasies began sorely to confuse themselves with his work. On the morning of the wedding, which Ulla's father hoped would prove the cure for the young man's condition, he appeared at his bride's door pale as death and told her that he was going to fetch a wonderful treasure for a bridal gift. He could not be prevailed upon not to go and while the wedding guests waited vainly for his return there came the news of a fearful caving-in in that part of the mines where Elis worked. The rest of Hoffmann's tale, of the rediscovery of the unfortunate man's body, offers nothing not already told, except that Ulla receives the assurance from the old man that she will see him again.

It has been shown that Hoffmann's story was preceded by Novalis' use of the same material with the motive of the divided love between the bride and the treasures of the deep. It is Hoffmann however who creates the pathological element. There is present an intense curiosity and desire for "a nearer acquaintance with our secret existence," an erotic

enjoyment of the objects of nature, and a delight in the satisfying of curiosity in the mazes and passages of the mines. Novalis, in his tale of "Hyacinth und Rosenblüte" relates the story of this youth who was inspired by an old man, who tells him of strange lands and unknown regions and takes him into deep underground shafts. He gives the young man a small book which no one can read. After his departure Hyacinth becomes moody and self-absorbed and excites Rosenblüte's pity. Then he comes to his parents, bids them farewell, leaves a greeting for Rosenblütchen and says that he must depart at the advice of an old woman of the wood, who had thrown the book into the fire and told him how he must become sound again. He does not know where he is going, but it is to seek again peace and love "where the mother of things dwells, the veiled maiden." He wanders far until he comes to the sacred abode of Isis. There he sleeps and in a dream passes through wonderful rooms whose splendor had a strange familiarity and yet with a glory he had never seen. At last he stands before the divine maiden. He lifts the shining veil—and Rosenblütchen falls into his arms. A long and happy life follows Hyacinth's restoration as the result of the advice of the wonderful old woman and the fire which burned his book.

While this tale may be explained as inspired by nature philosophy, still it has also concrete psychological features. There seems to have existed in Hyacinth a strong desire to know, to brood over the various objects of nature, which manifests itself finally in the longing to look upon the mother of all things. This desire is originally directed in childhood upon the chief object of the child's life, the mother. But as in the life of Hyacinth it may be healthfully turned out upon the various objects and interests of the world. It may have been the occasion of his love for Rosenblüte which served to turn this interest back into the childhood sources and thus into regression and he became ill. This new love may have awakened an antagonism to the old forgotten impulses so that his love withdrew from its new object back into its old channels. This sends him forth restlessly upon the pathway of investigation to explore the secrets of nature. He tears himself from the actual mother but seeks rather the mother ideal of childhood, the all-knowing mother of things. Then by overcoming the ghostly powers which seek to draw his soul backwards, he obtains that which is rightfully his and his true bride, Rosenblütchen, sinks into his arms. "He made himself free," Lorenz says, "because he traversed again the way which his love had taken up to this time, approached the mother image and demanded from it that it should give back the organ of his soul which had always lain bound in the mother's chains." Hyacinth is Novalis himself. The death of Sophie, his betrothed, was followed by the loss of his office and his removal to Freiberg, where he became skilled in a knowledge of mines and mining under the leadership of the famous geologist Werner. The songs of the miners in his "Heinrich von Ofterdingen," reveal his acquaint-

ance with this occupation. His grief for Sophie meanwhile made a poet of him. He found further consolation however in the daughter of one of the mining officials and became engaged to her. Like Hyacinth he first withdrew into the world of thought and then found his second love. The history of the old miner in "Heinrich von Ofterdingen" makes use of the same motive, developing the tale still further.

These motives in Novalis seem to have influenced Hoffmann in his treatment of the subject. He has however added a new element. He makes the neurotic outbreak of his hero follow upon his mother's death, bringing thus the mother complex suggested in Novalis's story more definitely into play. It is probable also that Hoffmann was influenced by the life of his friend Fouqué, who developed a neurosis at the death of his mother when he was eleven years old. Fouqué has himself described the course of his illness and probably also imparted facts of his earlier life to Hoffmann during their acquaintance. Fouqué experienced a speedy cure. Hoffmann's hero however remains fixed upon his mother. He deserts his seafaring life to come back to her but when he finds her dead falls ill, failing to find satisfaction for his infantile needs. Here the writer has furnished the phantasies and dreams which reveal the substitute for his unsatisfied wishes. The old man who urges upon him to become a miner has his prototype in Novalis's old man and embodies a wish on the part of Elis which is consciously striven against at the beginning but later more and more yielded to. This double attitude toward his wish remains with him and influences his dream life.

After a conversation with the old man he dreams a dream which represents his life, first his wanderings upon the sea. The sea upon which he finds himself changes to the subterranean depths full of splendors and of stone and mineral, flowers which grow from a transparent floor through which he can see their roots springing from the hearts of beautiful maidens beneath. At sight of these, the sound of their laughter and the fresh upspringing of the flowers his heart is filled with indescribable pain and pleasure. As he calls out and attempts to throw himself down to them the hard floor gives way to a shimmering ether and he hears the voice of the old man speaking to him, whom he saw near him taking the form of a giant poured from the glowing metal. Before he can yield to fear a blinding flash of light arises and the face of a mighty woman, whom the old man names as the queen. "A soft voice called his name as if in inconsolable woe. It was the voice of his mother. He believed he saw her form above at the fissure. But it was a lovely young woman who stretched her hand down deep into the vault and called his name." He begs to be carried to the upper world but is urged by the old man to be true to the queen. As he looks upon her face he feels himself melting into the shining stone. He screams and awakes with the bliss and the terror of the dream still echoing within him. This form which calls him is Ulla, the girl whom he loves and who brings

him to the world of day. Yet it is also his mother's voice with which she calls him. It is the mother the longing for whom took him into the subterranean world, she who wears the veil woven of childish phantasy, the mountain queen whom he sees with blissful fear. She is also the wonderful space, the fruitful source of the wonderful plants, from which his own life has sprung in the same manner. The dream expresses the wish for a regression to the condition before birth through the common dream symbol of the cave or the subterranean world for the mother's body. His consciousness however shrinks from these wishes of the unconscious and so he fears at first the life of the miner and delays to enter it.

This vacillation between consciousness and the unconscious is well illustrated after his waking from the dream. He rushes first to a scene of merry-making but soon perceives that he cannot join the revellers, that strange wishes and apprehensions fill his soul. He grieves for his mother, then wants to meet a girl who was friendly to him the day before but fears that if he did all would be over with the old miner, of whom for some reason he is afraid. Yet he wants to hear from him more of the wonders of the mountain palace. The mother denotes what he has lost, the girl the possibility of transference, the miner, Elis himself in a neurotic fixation. The mingling of these forms has therefore a deep foundation. The struggle which ensues attaches itself to Elis' relation to Ulla and ends in a victory of the powers of darkness. After a period in which he has enjoyed Ulla's love and her father's kindness the unconscious appears in the person of the old man and informs him that he must belong exclusively to the subterranean world. He actually discovers that another is wooing Ulla, whose love he had hesitated to claim. He has thus failed to escape the inner world through her. So he hastens to the mountain and calls for the old man. He flees into the kingdom of phantasy, this time through hallucination. More and more wonderful grows this inner world as he passes along through its splendors until he reaches the queen herself, who clasps him to her breast. While he is now given completely over to phantasy, Ulla and her father themselves come to his rescue, bringing the protest of reality. They explain the groundlessness of his fears for Ulla's love. But he is still bound to the queen, uncertain whether Ulla is his highest choice. Suggestion employed by Ulla and her father fail to bring him to health. As soon as he is away from them and once more in the mountain the hallucinations return and he seems to be again in the arms of the queen. He makes another attempt before the wedding to escape the phantasies. But just before the ceremony which would bind him finally to the upper world, the infantile and incestuous fixation of the libido violently asserts its power. He is led by a delusion of a wonderful stone hidden in the depths of the earth, which he must obtain for his bride. He leaves her, disappearing forever. The stone which he goes to seek he describes in lan-



guage which portrays its splendor and its meaning as a possible union of his divided desire, his effort to bring it to his bride being his last attempt to reconcile within himself the longing for the mother and the desire for Ulla. He pictures to Ulla before his departure the vision which they will have in the stone of their "inner growth together with the wonderful branches (seen in his first dream) which spring from the heart of the queen in the center of the earth."

Richard Wagner sketched an opera, which was never completed as such, upon the same theme, basing it upon Hoffmann's story, but with two important changes. He altered the story of the hero's wooing more in a manner significant of the author of the *Flying Dutchman*. Wagner introduces a seaman, an old comrade of Elis. Elis relates to him how he was at work in the mine thinking of his loved one when an old miner appeared and reproached him for turning his attention thus from his work. He told him that he must cast all such thought from his mind if he would look upon the true wonders of the depths and see the queen herself. His friend advises him to go back to the sea. He himself wants to woo a wife and Elis may do the same and he will share his goods with Elis if he has not enough of his own. Then Ulla appears and the friend, not knowing that she is the loved one, proposes that they test her to see if she would follow a sailor, that they may hope other girls would do the same. None of them quite understand the other's intention, but Ulla answers readily to the friend's question, "Oh, with love in the heart one would follow anywhere." Each one of the men takes Ulla's answer to himself. The friend makes suit to Ulla, which her father approves and Elis in despair plunges into the mine. Wagner has left out the rediscovery of the body of the unfortunate man, which Hoffmann had made only an appendage, since it provided the historical nucleus of the story. This would have spoiled the dramatic unity for Wagner. It would also have necessitated making Ulla the chief personage in the story, which neither poet wanted to do. The history of Elis has been thus presented as the history of a neurosis and the copper mine of Falun as a symbol of the unconscious but the rediscovery of the body has still another motive both dramatically and psychologically.

The first motive, as complete in itself, has been so handled by a follower of Hoffmann, Hugo von Holmannsthal, a writer who has repeatedly manifested his ability to draw upon the unconscious content and reconstruct it in an artistic creation in conscious form. Lorenz therefore looks to his handling of the theme for clearer understanding and conviction in regard to the deeper motives of the story. Unfortunately Hofmannsthal has published only a small portion of the drama, as an introduction. The latter contains the story up to Elis' departure to Falun, but the sketch of the entire drama contains his misfortune, the cause of his sadness, his position toward his comrades, the appearance of the girl, the old man's advice to become a miner and the vision of the

subterranean kingdom, just as in Hoffmann. Psychoanalytically there are some important deviations. Hofmannsthal develops the hero's relation to the girl of the street in its correspondence to the outbreak of his neurosis and to the infantile fixation upon the mother, further into a complete sexual rejection. He makes her also a girl whom the hero has loved as a child and who has since been led astray into her present life and this in part accounts for Elis' change of feeling. Elis' father is introduced into his phantasy.

Understand me, to be my father's son,  
That was no child's play. He was not hard,  
But always he would go about in still despair.  
Deep were his thoughts. He lived alone in fear.  
He had a vision shortly before he died,  
And knew three days before that death would come,  
And so he went in silence, this man grown old.

At once there came such longing over me,  
But not for him, 'twas only for my mother!  
And all at once it came to me,  
He had entrusted her to me.  
Such charge they give, who pass below.

This longing seared all others from my soul  
This single one in darkness all the rest devoured.

The father's death releases the wishes that have been hidden in Elis, wishes which had led him to identify himself with his father and to wish to be like him, but the sexual wishes seem so far repressed that the father himself, as it seems, can entrust the mother to him.

This writer allows the symbolism of the subterranean world to creep into the hero's conscious speech in significant fashion. Hoffmann makes the old man use the figure of a mole digging in the earth. The later poet makes Elis liken himself to a mole after a comrade has called him that because of his moping expression.

That's true enough; you are correct.

It would be well for me, for me if I could bore  
My way into the earth. And pleased I'd be  
If I could creep back to the mother's womb.

Elis, deserted by the girl and his companions, yields to an ecstatic hallucination before his house. It is just after giving expression to this that a beggar appears, whom his hallucination transforms into a messenger to summon him to the mines. The hallucination is expressed thus:

Open to me, house, let me thy threshold pass.  
O room within, it is a son who knocks;  
Where hand in hand and hair entwined with hair  
The father with the mother sleeps, I come!  
Disclose yourselves, you secret veins within,  
My own are mutely pouring out their blood!  
You roots that on the window suck, I long  
To be with you, till stands my hair on end.  
You whose brightness feeds upon the virgin earth.

There is first a struggle with the old man, who has appeared as the beggar, and who explains the power which compels Elis toward him as Elis' own wish. Then the latter sinks down and finds himself in a room within the earth, where a similar entrancing yet fear-inspiring vision is his, as in Hoffmann's story. There are many similarities to the dream in this vision of Elis. One of these is the condensation of several persons into one figure, which give a picture thus of Elis' psychic history with the original love as the nucleus of all later love experiences or objects. But upon this Elis is in danger of being shipwrecked rather than of finding his salvation through it. He is warned by the queen however that he must turn back to the world above where that which still lives within him will find its place.

Here the desire shows itself in greater strength than in Hoffmann's story since it manifests itself only in fear before the queen. It is the strength of the repression, which here manifests itself instead of the wish which lies at its base. Also this wish projects itself into a longing on the part of the queen toward him. Elis reveals his awe before the queen and she answers in words which contain an expression of all the infantile features of the longing for the mother. There are the difference in ages between the child and mother, which is a tragic problem for the child, awe of the mother's greatness and power and especially clear the feeling of the relative preëxistence of the mother. This mastery of time and her power to give life to her child gives her an omnipotence over all the things of the world. The queen pictures also the grewsomeness of reality as compared with her existence in the changeless, timeless stream.

The old man Torbern now appears and yields to Elis. He is the same figure who represented before the messenger to summon Elis to his mother at his father's death and then later in the hallucination who conducted him into the secrets of the subterranean world. In both forms of the wish he is Elis' father and with the queen represents the sexual relationship and significance of the original objects, this doubling and splitting representing an affective necessity. We have the typical putting aside of the father's greatness and power which appear feeble and shadowlike before those of the queen. There is also here an identification with the father in Elis' appearance before the queen in his place.

In calling him the "old Torbern" there is both a reference to the son's superiority to the aged father and identification through the "old," since that also represents the infantile and the unconscious, the prehistory of the individual. In Hoffmann's story also many father characteristics are to be discovered in the person of the elderly Torbern.

The conflict between the incest desire and its repression is well expressed in the scene where the queen unveils herself before Elis and he shows himself unable to sustain the vision so that for a time he could not remain in her presence. She dismisses him with the injunction to go to Falun and become a miner. Torbern had said to him "No one becomes what he is not." In this sense Elis is already a miner. It has already been noticed that Elis' phantasies, which contain this wish, were beset with anxiety, which is the repressed libido. Becoming a miner therefore means the same as passing through a development in the course of which the restraining affect is directed against the unconscious tendencies, in the words of Lorenz. The relation to Ulla must therefore stand in the service of this development. Ulla must show to the unconscious a similarity to the mother image. The anxiety therefore which Elis had attached to the mountain queen may be transformed back again to its libido form. The love for the mother must find its goal here and his longing be gratified without repression. And here the drama of Hofmannsthal ends, also omitting the theme of the rediscovery of the body. It is only indirectly made part of the introduction in a form which is a split-off figure from Elis.

In order to bring together the various motives represented in the actual tale and its use by these writers, Lorenz seeks first to discover the relation between the history and the inner nucleus of the tale. This means a connection between the superficial interest of curiosity and the deep impulses of the unconscious of which the poets have made use. The actual history would suggest that there are certain callings which demand a somewhat ascetic life and therefore predispose to neuroses. Aside from the idea of the burial in the mine as a punishment to the victim by the powers of the inner world because he has not remained altogether true to them in his renunciation of other love, there is the greater motive of the inner world within the mountain as the mother's body. Then the picture of the burial in the water within the cavern is the infantile wish to return to union with the mother. Hoffmann's use and development of the story might be thus traced; Reading a description of the rediscovery of the body awakened within him unconscious phantasies of the existence within the mother's womb. Here the phantasy is represented in its fulfilment. This man had attained the state wished for when the realities of life appeared too hard and aroused the longing for a rest where all was satisfaction. So the poet makes his hero a sailor who at first satisfies his libido in phantasies and to whom later the return to the mother in infantile form becomes possible. Hoff-

mann possessed the power of awaking to greater activity these unconscious complexes and of developing effectively the laws of the unconscious, as other works of his show. He also was acquainted with pathological mental states.

In the first place the history of the miner of Falun belongs to the large group of writings which show the splitting of the man's desire toward a woman through his relation toward two women of different natures. This exists in the literature of the middle ages, and of the later periods and has recently fallen to the level of the stupid type of drama of unfaithfulness in marriage. This represents the division of the libido object between the infantile and the conscious adult objects and the hindrances which arise from within the psychic life and oppose the obtaining of freedom from the former love object.

The second important motive lies in the association of the demonic being, the mountain queen, with the heart of the mountain. This is an indication of the incest problem. There is a variety of symbolism with a variety of interpretation. The analysis has shown the mines with their subterranean passages as symbolic of the mother's body, the queen of the earth as the mother and the embrace and the flashing of the brightness as procreation and incest phantasies. These were all exaggerated in Elis through his sickness, that is through the weakness of the conscious protest. Lorenz insists upon a distinction between the wish to return to the mother's body, the prenatal condition, and the incest phantasy regarding the mother. The former is the result of the withdrawal from reality, the gratification of all wishes by return to the place of absolute automatic gratification. The incest wish on the other hand, the outer consequence of the desire toward the mother, has nothing in it of this sort of completed return. The two are however connected in the difficulty, as with Hyacinth, of freeing the erotic tendency, which remains upon the infantile plane, from the mother and carrying it over to a normal object. The difference lies not in the fact of this necessary erotic need but in the quantity, so to speak, of the erotic libido which remains bound, which in Elis preponderates. Hyacinth attained a more normal level. The partial infantilism is the source of the sublimation process and so conditions all higher culture. With Elis this free portion of libido is not available and so his attempted sublimation reaches only the subjective form of the dream and the hallucination. Objectively there is inability to conform to reality, subjectively a regression.

Still we have the irresistible erotic need and so the wished-for state of infantile and preinfantile satisfaction decked out with motives which belong to the more developed eroticism. Since the infantile desires can be satisfied only in the mother the incest phantasy arises and with it the important psychological significance of the mother. The symbolisms of the dreams and visions support this. The essential thing for the origin



of the incest phantasy is not the uterus phantasy, though that usually precedes, but the definite relation of the psychic and physical powers to reality, in which the fulfilment of the will to power seeks its gratification in this form of possession of the mother and so the overcoming of the father. The emphasis lies upon the sense of power. "In this sense," says Lorenz, "are to be understood the incest dreams of Hippias and Cæsar." The great problem which lies in this study should be examined, the writer believes, not alone from a case of illness but from the side of its poetic creativeness, the phantasy of the mother's body and the Œdipus situation it represents, for in its two phases it represents not only the quiet passive tendency to dreams, but also on the other hand a tendency to the world of conflict and victory among affairs.

Other testimony to the significance of the symbol of the underground mine is introduced from clinical observation, myth and folklore. Jones reports phantasies of a compulsive neurotic which busied themselves with underground passages, canals, graves, catacombs, and the like. Wells were of special interest because they were deep holes with water in them where one could not reach bottom. The patient was particularly interested in reading of caves where bodies had been found. A body buried alive and now dead represented feces to him. Another phantasy had to do with an enchanted underworld where amid flowers a queen awaited the dreamer. Maeder reports the use of the mountain for the female genitals and the sexual act. In myth and folklore the stay in the underground mine or cave is the stay in the uterus and the conception of the reappearance of the body in a state of preservation, or even of the living again of this body in the upper world, represents the sojourn in the uterus and contains the idea of eternal life.

Lorenz quotes an extract from Wagner, "Der Virtuos und der Künstler" ("The Virtuoso and the Artist"), in which the poet relates a tale of a miner. A precious jewel, which could bestow all gifts upon the favored mortal whose eyes should fall upon it, lay hidden deep within the earth. Certain highly favored ones were able to penetrate the chaos of wreckage which covered the jewel, the brilliance of which shone upon them and filled their hearts with longing and inspired them to remove these obstructions that all eyes might behold its splendor. For before it the sun grew pale and it filled the heart with divine love, the spirit with blessed knowledge. But their efforts were in vain. Centuries passed. Then the bowels of the earth were penetrated by shafts and mines, the underground structure was completed and digging went on further and further until a perfect labyrinth was formed and the way to the jewel was absolutely lost. The jewel itself was forgotten in the toil of building the structure of the mine and finally the vast structure itself lay neglected and threatened to collapse. Then a poor miner appeared from Salzburg. He wandered astonished through the vast and countless passages until suddenly his heart was filled with a glow of

pleasure. "Through a crevice the jewel laughed back at him; with one glance he surveyed the entire labyrinth; the longed-for way to the magic stone opened to him. Guided by the sparkling luster he pressed on into the deepest abyss, even to the divine talisman itself. Then a wonderful radiance filled the entire earth with a fleeting splendor and all hearts trembled with an ineffable delight. The miner from Salzburg was never seen again." Another miner later sought the lost man from Salzburg, but at sight of the jewel he was blinded, a sea of light flooded his senses, he was seized by a marvelous dizziness and fell into the abyss while the walls of the underground shafts collapsed upon him. He too was seen no more. Wagner says "So this ended like all other tales of the miners, with the entombment . . . finally it came to pass that some one set about digging for the two unfortunate men for they lightly thought that they might still be alive. . . ." Wagner's interpretation of this refers the stone to music for which first Mozart and Beethoven searched and the whole story is that of his own discovery. Arising out of the same period as his formerly mentioned sketch, the tale probably sets forth the wishes which were active in that.

Novalis has expressed the same motives as these which have been discussed in the miner's song in "Heinrich von Ofterdingen" and in a poem written on his mother's birthday. In the Orestes myth of the Greeks we find the most complete inversion of the mother desire as its positive nature appears in the Oedipus complex. Gyges also the possessor of the magic ring is in the same sense a miner. The story of the ring is told by Herodotus I, 7, and by Plato, Republic II, 3. As the latter tells the story Gyges was overtaken by a frightful storm and an earthquake. The ground gaped before him and his astonishment led him to look and then to climb into the chasm made. There were many wonderful things within, among them a hollow iron horse into which he forced his way by a window in its side. He discovered within a corpse of supernatural size. From it he took only one thing, a ring, which he carried with him back to the light. He as a shepherd came with the others before the king at the time of the monthly reckoning but as he sat there among them and by chance turned the ring so that the stone was toward the palm of the hand, he became invisible and his companions spoke of him as if he were absent. He turned the ring again and he was once more recognized by them. After this the ring never failed to produce these results upon turning it. After this discovery he quickly made his way among those about the king. He attached himself to the queen, seduced her, plotted with her an attack upon the king and made himself master. The Oedipus features of the story are plain. The symbolism which lies in the first part of the story anticipates this later development of the motive. The ring is a vaginal symbol which explains the invisibility. He draws it from a large corpse, which means that he must win the queen by first overcoming by force the former pos-

sector. We have also here the symbol of the horse as mother as Jung discusses it. It may be said that the ring is the symbol of the mother from the standpoint of the father and husband and the horse from that of the son, and the two are brought together in an identification of the two persons. The hole in which the horse is discovered is a symbolism already discussed. This represents on one hand the deeply hidden and unapproachable nature of the object symbolized, and on the other hand grants a means of understanding this. Furthermore the bursting open of the earth and the climbing in of the man is a return to the protecting mother. The anxiety motive present in the storm is also offset by a positive mythological motive, that of the union of heaven and earth through the falling of the storm upon the earth and penetrating it. Here again the uterus phantasy is joined to the positive incest phantasy as in Elis' dream. The anxiety attendant upon this, a more libidinous type than that accompanying the more infantile desire for the mother's womb, discharges itself in the further phantasies of the story, the seduction of the queen and the circumvention of the king, and so, as Lorenz says, "for us, who are no longer able to read the runes of the unconscious without transcription, they attain an expression that may be understood."

Faust reveals the same dream experience in his visit to the mothers. The mothers are explained as the creative powers of nature, the personification of the Platonic ideas. Faust must reach the inner heart of these in order to call forth Helena, the embodiment of beauty, to the light of day. Faust, standing before a creative task, could complete it only through a temporary return to the creative womb of the earth, of nature or the mother. Jung has mentioned this in the *Psychology of the Unconscious*, pp. 231, 232, et al. Goethe has here expressed the affects of anxiety and horror which are at first awakened in Faust's mind as he contemplates this experience. Mephistopheles informs him of the mother's dwelling where there is neither space nor time. Faust starts terrified at the word:

The mothers, mothers! it sounds so strange!

[Shuddering:]

The mothers! It falls upon me like a blow!  
What is that word I scarcely dare to hear?

And the queen speaks to Elis in the Miner of Falun

You know the very face of being,  
Which bore you, Mother it is called.  
Beneath one roof you dwell; you touch it,  
I shudder when I think of it.

The shuddering, the affect which is called forth, is the shrinking of the individual from sinking into the indivisible unity, in the maternal "depth which bottomless is" ["Grund, der da grundlos ist," Eckehard] from which we are ever escaping and into which we slip again, as Lorenz says.

This symbolism is often worked over into the motive of the underworld as the other world. Here particularly the sexual element may be traced where the idea of punishment enters. Grimm records the tale of the strong Hans who was seized by robbers together with his mother and confined in a cave. In the ninth year he attempts to free himself and the mother by combat with the chief robber. He fails but succeeds a year later. A myth of the same Titan type is found in a Polynesian story of Maui. The hero himself states that he was born at the seashore in a lock of his mother's hair, which she cast away, leaving him to the mercy of the seaweed and jellyfish which surrounded him, the flies whose maggots fed upon him and birds which pecked at him. Then suddenly his great grandfather, the heaven, Tama-nui-ki-te-Rangi, discovers his plight and releases him from it. Soon after Maui sets out to seek his parents and rejoices his mother by the tale of his deliverance. Then the mother calls him to come and sleep with her and receive her kisses, but his brothers are jealous, saying that the mother had never given them such an invitation, although their birth had been witnessed by her and no doubt attached itself to it. Early in the morning the mother arose and left the house. Maui was much distressed over this, not knowing where she had gone. This happened a number of times until at last the son sought to prevent her by a trick. He hid all her clothing and stopped up every crack in the door and window so that no light would enter and waken her. The mother awakens, falls asleep again because of the darkness, then springs up and finds herself naked. She tears open the door and discovers that the sun is high in the heavens. So she tears away the rags which stopped the door and putting those about her hastens away weeping that her child should have treated her thus. As she comes to a heap of sod she tears it away and springs into the hole below it. Maui follows her and finds himself in a wonderful space deep in the earth. Then he hastens back to his brothers, who remonstrate with him for his curiosity. He tells them that they may be satisfied with the ordinary food which they have learned to know from the mother's breast on. He who had not been nourished there but had been only in her body yet he loved her so that he must know the place where she and his father dwell.

Then through his mother's garment and girdle which he had taken he transforms himself into a dove and starts upon his search. He returns to the hole and by swift flying at last comes to a wider portion where are many people. At times the passage had been so narrow that his wings were almost caught. He lodges upon a tree under which lie

his father and mother talking of him. He picks a berry and drops it upon the father's forehead. With other berries he hits both father and mother. The people begin to throw stones at the dove but do not hit it. But at last Maui places himself so that the stone that his father throws will strike him, an atonement Lorenz suggests for the attack upon his father. He is hit in his left leg and falls to the ground and then takes again the form of a man. His mother notices that he resembles some one she saw when she was caring for her children at night. She relates the story of the untimely birth and at last recognizes Maui. She bids him welcome and prophesies blessing to the house of her ancestress and the granting of immortality to men. Maui is then baptized by his father, a probable Christian interpretation of a savage ceremony, and returns to his brother. This myth may represent the death of the mother, it may also have an astral significance, Maui as the sun, the mother as the moon. It has also its sexual interest.

The same motive is at work in all these tales that have been quoted, tales of the mines, of the well and of the underworld as in the last related myth with the double significance of the wish for infantile gratification and the active motive which may lead back to the world of day and the objects of reality within it.



## VARIA

*Psychoanalysis and the Psychoanalyst.*—In an article criticizing the methods of Freud and Jung, Dr. T. W. Mitchell concludes with the following sentence concerning psychoanalysis: "The claims of its supporters as to its bearings on philosophy, æsthetics, ethics and religion, amount to little less than a claim to a new revelation of the meaning of life."

All earnest psychoanalysts will be willing to endorse this statement, for it sums up the whole situation. Indeed it would be well to frequently ponder these words, so that the tremendous import of the psychoanalytic movement may be realized.

Psychoanalysis is becoming popular and now is the moment to utter a word of warning to all those who are aware of the value of Freud's scientific contributions. He stood alone, or with only a very small band of supporters, and upheld his theories. It takes courage to do that, but it requires subtler virtues to listen unmoved to the applause of the multitude.

It demands far greater detachment, greater singleness of purpose and utter devotion to Truth.

Psychoanalysts will now spring up like mushrooms and psychoanalysis will become a fashionable cult.

This means that much surface work will be accomplished and many failures registered and perhaps the movement may eventually fall into disfavor, because amongst psychoanalysts "many are called, but few are chosen."

I was surprised the other day to hear someone say to me: "Your psychoanalysis is all the rage now; of course it has always been known, only under other names. 'So and so' has known of it for years." My heart sank at these words, for popularity is harder to survive than unpopularity.

Has any great movement ever survived approval? Few people are great enough to acknowledge—in their own field—one greater than themselves. They belittle him, they patronize him and finally "damn him with faint praise." It takes greatness to acknowledge greatness and many people are petty.

I tremble for the future of psychoanalysis, but we must have faith.

Now is the time for Freud to earnestly exhort his followers to stand firm and pull together.

Psychoanalysis *does* mean "a new revelation of the meaning of life." It means a rebuilding of civilization, an Adam and Eve regenerated—re-created—restored to their primal innocence.

It means the world made young again, it means the "New Jerusalem."

No wonder that the real psychoanalyst dreams dreams and sees visions and hears "the Voice of one crying in the wilderness—Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."

For psychoanalysis, if successful, makes the "crooked straight and causes the desert to blossom as the rose." Poor, warped lives are reconstructed, straying feet—lost in the thorn-set thickets of Life—are redirected to the right paths, the twisted bough is tenderly replaced and trained to grow as nature intended, and the dwarfed, stunted, cramped personality is led to expand and blossom luxuriantly.

What the gardener does for vegetation, the psychoanalyst does for humanity.

Now that the movement is becoming popular it will mean that it will "pay" to psychoanalyze. That is the great danger, for birds of prey will flock to the feast and between them they will rend their victims and fatten on their carcasses.

This is the moment to point out the qualifications of the true psychoanalyst and to explain his work.

The great psychoanalyst must be an idealist. He must see visions and be happy if he can help by hard and patient work, to realize those visions. He must make truth the pivot of his existence and be detached, so that he loves humanity more than "the praise of men." Also he must be tender—"The bruised reed shall he not break and smoking flax shall he not quench."

Above all, he must be convinced of the fundamental divinity of human nature, and full of the charity that "hopeth all things, believeth all things endureth all things." He must be impartial, unmoved by the most dulcet praises, deaf to the vilest recriminations.

When he observes a human being he must look right through the outer shell, right down through the primitive savage, right back to the golden age of man's innocence, the tender dawn of Creation when man and woman walked hand in hand "naked and unashamed."

Then will he be a savior of men and cause the devils that mar human nature, to rush violently in their swine-like forms "down a steep place into the sea"—the sea of oblivion, negation, and non-existence.

. . . . .  
A question frequently asked nowadays is: "What is this psychoanalysis?"

It is a difficult question to answer in a few words, but to put it as briefly as possible psychoanalysis aims at discovering the fundamental motives of men's actions and directing their energies into useful channels. So much emotion is wasted and so much energy, that might

be usefully employed for the good of society as a whole, is merely repressed, until finally, like the wolf in the bosom of the Spartan youth, it tears its victim to pieces.

If the fundamental motive of an action is discovered one can deal more intelligently with the result. The manifestations of lunacy can be traced to certain causes and "method" can be observed even in "madness." These causes having been explained to the patient, frequently the results are renounced. The great art is to be able to convince the patient and for this end much tact and patience have to be employed. If the revelation is made prematurely, good work will be wasted or if too late valuable time may have been lost.

Great judgment and considerable acumen are needed to decide on the psychological moment for revealing the patient to him or herself, as otherwise violent resistances may occur and one may find oneself in a "cul de sac."

There are certain tests to be applied to a patient, but above all "observation" is the most important item in one's programme.

It is necessary to mentally register the faintest inflection of the patient's voice, to note the smallest hesitation, to anticipate the most trivial reaction. One's judgment must, at times, be used with lightning speed, whilst at other times reflection and deliberation may be necessary.

There are the patient's dreams to be investigated, as well as his likes and dislikes, his mode of speech, his walk, his dress, his habits, etc. His assertions must be reversed, his antipathies enquired into. After some practice, one notes all these things almost insensibly and there is every indication of analysis becoming a speedier therapeutic measure in future.

Up to now, we have all groped somewhat wildly, but as time goes on the landmarks stand out more clearly, the route becomes more distinct than of yore.

I am convinced that the most important point is never to force the pace. Unless the patient's will is in the matter the analyst will merely waste time. The resistances will be great and the response feeble.

Fortunately most people love being discussed, dissected. It flatters their egoism and they will endure even harsh criticism patiently as long as they hold the center of the stage.

Nearly all neurotics are pronounced egoists. Their physique is feeble and they are merely able to support "self" with no energy left over for others, therefore their ego is their great interest.

Physical aids must not be forgotten, as when the body becomes stronger the moral aim becomes proportionately higher if the will is being led in the right direction and soul and body are forever interacting, "useless each without the other."

The work of the psychoanalyst is becoming more clearly marked out

and as Pfister says (in his book "The Psychoanalytic Method") "the field is white for the harvest."

But alas! so many will come and despoil the field and trample underfoot the "full corn in the ear" that *now* is the time for all earnest psychoanalysts to uphold the highest ideals and ward off the inroads of those who would render useless their patient toil.

Already there are divisions in the camp. Some who owe much to Freud seek to belittle him and others seeing that he has given so much to science say "we knew it all the time."

If they knew it why did they not use their knowledge to better the world?

They are too small to acknowledge genius when they encounter it and too petty to render homage where homage is due.

If they "knew it already" why did they not support Freud when he was but a "voice in the wilderness," why did they not rush to his aid when the world scorned him? Now they look to fatten on his efforts and to plant vineyards on the land he has reclaimed, but "the truth is not in them" and they will but fail, for who are they to lead mankind to high moral goals and persuade the halt and the maimed to "take up their beds and walk"?

Psychoanalysis is going to cause the whole medical profession to be regarded more reverently. It is going to crush superstition and cause the destruction of false prophets. It is going to put religion on a grander basis and through its influence art will be more revered and childhood enthroned in our midst.

For even as Christ "took a child and set him in the midst of them" so psychoanalysis will help us to be more child-like in our natures, more simple and beautiful in our aims and more direct and trustworthy in our dealings. Perceiving truth to be the highest good and discovering our divine natures we will cast aside every weight and "run with patience the race that is set before us."

At present we are hindered in that race by a thousand entanglements and repressions. We are weighed down by burdens too heavy to be borne, our outlook blurred by bitter tears for sins that are of man's manufacture, our vision of God distorted by a thousand groundless fears.

The bogies of childhood still haunt our lives, and the scarecrows of adolescence wave threatening arms across our destinies, until weary, faint, disheartened, we sink beneath the intolerable anguish of our illusions.

But thanks to Freud's genius, courage and devotion to truth a new era is dawning, a grander civilization arising and those that "sit in darkness" shall see a great light.

CECILIA FANCOURT STREETEN.

## BOOK REVIEWS

STUDIES IN WORD ASSOCIATION. By Dr. C. G. Jung. Translated by Dr. M. D. Eder. New York, Moffat, Yard & Co., 1919. P. 575. Price \$6.00 net.

This work is a collection of essays by various authors, together with experiments on the general subject of word association, compiled under the direction of Dr. C. G. Jung. The separate chapters had previously been published elsewhere and were subsequently accumulated into a separate publication, of which this work is a translation.

Those interested in psychoanalysis have been familiar for some years, in a general way at least, with the word association work of the Zurich School, and it is a matter for congratulation that at this date the results of this work have been put into English and thus made more widely accessible. In this volume the very large material, the result of Dr. Jung's own experimental work in association with Dr. Riklin, is incorporated. This is a very excellent and exhaustive monographic study of the subject and alone it is of sufficient importance to warrant translation. It is a paper to which all those who are engaged in psychoanalysis and who come to use word association for any reason whatever will turn back for reference for some time to come. The other essays refer to various subjects. There are, for example, essays on the application of the association method of investigation to imbeciles and idiots, by Dr. Wehrlin, to the epileptic by Dr. Jung, to the hysteric by Dr. Riklin, and an exceedingly interesting article on the statistical investigations on word associations and on familial agreement in reaction type among uneducated persons by Dr. Emma Fürst. A very interesting opening chapter is upon the significance of association experiments by Professor Bleuler, who also has another chapter on consciousness and association. There is one chapter on the psychogalvanic phenomena in association experiments by Dr. L. Binswanger, and another on the physical accompaniments of association processes by Dr. Nunberg. In addition to these chapters are some further communications by Dr. Jung dealing with the applications of association to different psychological problems.

The book is a valuable contribution to the library of the psychoanalyst and contains much interesting and important material. The translation by Dr. Eder is excellent, and finally to quote from the translator's preface: "the grateful thanks of all students of psychology are due to Mrs. Harold F. McCormick, whose generosity has enabled this translation to be produced."

WHITE.



**PSYCHIATRIC-NEUROLOGIC EXAMINATION METHODS**, With Special Reference to the Significance of Signs and Symptoms. By Dr. August Wimmer, authorized translation by Andrew W. Hoisholt, M.D. Published by C. V. Mosby Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1919. P. 177.

As the subtitle indicates, this book is more than just a work on psychiatric-neurologic examination methods, but purports still further to give some idea of the significance of the various signs and symptoms. The work is simply and clearly written and on the whole one might say quiet elementary in character. The examination methods are useful, and the author has covered the field in a reasonably adequate way. His interpretation of symptoms, however, is after all very little else than a brief description. Perhaps one could expect little else in a book of less than 200 pages which attempts not only to cover the ground of psychological symptoms, but of the neurological.

WHITE.

**AN OUTLINE OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY**. By James Winfred Bridges. Published by R. G. Adams & Co., Columbus, Ohio, 1919. Pp 126.

This little book might be said to be composed of a series of definitions. It is divided into two parts, the first in which the abnormal phenomena are defined, the second in which the complexes of abnormal phenomena, that is the various symptom groups, are defined. Such a book naturally has all the faults of an attempt to compress a living subject into the confines of short, terse definitions. The result naturally tends to be static and purely descriptive rather than interpretative. It is exceedingly stimulating, however, to note that it is the work of a psychologist and to realize that the university psychologist is beginning to take an interest in mental pathology. The presentation is well done from the point of view of the author, though the scheme is not one that commends itself to the reviewer.

WHITE.

**PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND ITS PLACE IN LIFE**. By M. K. Bradby. Published by Oxford University Press, London, 1919. P. 266.

Miss Bradby's book is one of the most satisfying additions to the literature of psychoanalysis which has recently come to hand. It does not pretend to be a technical exposition of the subject, but rather a popular one, and might be said to be in general an appreciation of psychoanalysis. The author is evidently not a psychoanalyst herself, but is pretty well in touch with the movement and presents it in a very engaging way.

The book is divided into six parts and proceeds in an orderly way by unfolding the fundamental psychoanalytic tenets. The unfolding is naturally the unfolding of the author's conceptions regarding them, for she belongs to no school or cult, nor does she ally herself with par-sexualism. Her presentation of the subject is, however, clear, interest-

ing and comprehensive so far as her purposes go. After this presentation of the subject she devotes a discussion to the evidences of unconscious primitive traits in present-day thought, then two chapters are devoted to the place of psychoanalysis in life, and finally the principles of psychoanalytic interpretation are illustrated in their application to the life and works of several prominent men, including Nelson, Michael Angelo, and Browning.

The work as a whole shows not only a grasp of the principles of psychoanalysis, but a vision of the possibilities of their application particularly in education and sees the enormous advantage to man's development of his own understanding of himself.

WHITE.

OUR NERVOUS FRIENDS, Illustrating the Mastery of Nervousness. By Rober S. Carroll, M.D. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1919. P. 258. Price \$2.00.

This book is of a decidedly different type from those usually offered in the discussion of nervousness. The author has elsewhere laid down what he believes to be the general principles governing nervous disorders and does not attempt to discuss them in this book. Rather he portrays in a really masterly way a few type cases. The book is by no means, however, simply a series of case histories. It is far from that. The author has taken his case histories from his own experience, he has clothed them in literary and dramatic form so that they are absorbingly interesting reading and he has presented the unfolding of their lives, whether for good or ill, with a broad appreciation of all the elements which have contributed to the final result. In other words, the book is an excellent series of case histories presented in admirable literary form and with an excellent interpretative insight, without, however, presenting any specific psychoanalytic deductions. Dr. Carroll evidently has grasped much of the meaning of the new psychology as expressed by psychoanalysis, but has either not accepted or not quite fathomed its principles, especially as they refer to the unconscious.

One excellent quality of the book is that it not only gives case histories which show the patient being carried on by a fatalistic destiny from bad to worse, ultimately winding up with some disaster and a complete wreckage of his life, but gives several histories in which it is shown how the individual who was headed for disaster has finally been able to get hold of himself and reconstitute and rehabilitate his life. All of the records set forth are so simply and so convincingly told and the lessons are in every instance so wholesome that the book is one of the very few that it might be of advantage to recommend rather broadly to patients for reading, particular chapters perhaps being indicated as representing parallel types of difficulties for which the patient is consulting the physician. Dr. Carroll is to be congratulated upon producing a very excellent and a very helpful book.

WHITE.

**NOTICE.**—All business communications should be addressed to The Psychoanalytic Review, 3617 Tenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

All manuscripts should be sent to Dr. William A. White, Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.